

# WITHER'S MOTTO.

*Nec habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.*



WITHERS NOTTO

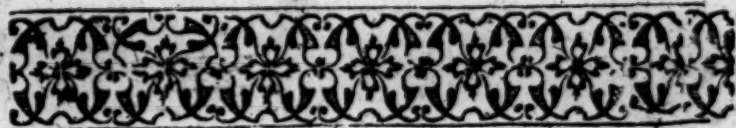
1777



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*To any body.*

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O recreate my selfe, after some more serious Studies, I tooke occasion to exercise my Inuention in the illustration of my *Motto*; which being thus finished, my friends made me beleue it was worth the preserving; and grew so importunat for *Coppies* thereof, that I could not deny them. But doubting, lest by often transcribing, it might be much lamed through the *Scribes* insufficiency (as many things of this nature are) I thought fitting, rather to exemplyfie the same, by the *Presse*, then by the *Penne*. And to that end, deliuered it ouer to some *Stationers*, to haue onely so many *Copies*, as I intended to bestow.

Yet considering that other men (to whom I meant them not) might peradventure, come

to the view of those Lines. I thought it not amisse, by way of Preuention, to remooue such Cauills as may be made against mee, by those vnto whom I am vnknowne. Not, that I care to giue euery idle *Reader*, an account of my Intentions : But to shew the *Ingenuous*, that the *Carelesnes* expressed in this *Motto*, proceeds from an vndistempered *Care*, to make all my Actions, (as neere as I can) such, as may be decent, warrantable, and becomming an honest Man : And that those, who shall foolishly seeke (from thence) to picke aduantages against me : may know, I am too well aduised to write any thing, which they shall bee iustly able to interpret, either to my hinderance, or disparagement.

Let me want esteeme among all good men, if I purposed (or haue any secret desire in me) that any part of this, should be applied to any particular man ; but so as euery one ought to apply things vnto his own Conscience; and he that beleeueth me not, I feare is guilty. My intent was, to draw the true Picture of mine own heart ; that my friends, who knew mee outwardly, might haue some representation of my inside also. And that, if they liked the forme  
of

of it, they might (wherein they were defective) fashion their owne mindes thereunto. But, my principall Intention, was by recording those thoughts to confirme mine owne Resolution ; and to preuent such alterations, as Time and infirmities, may worke vpon mee. And if there bee no more reason inferred against me, to remoue my opinion, then I am yet apprehensiu of : I am confidently perswaded, that neither Feare, nor Force shall compell me, to deny any thing which I haue affirmed in this Poem. For, I had rather bee degraded from the greatest *Title of Honour* that could be giuen me ; then constrained to deny this *Motto*.

Proud Arrogance ( I know ) and enough too ; will be layd to my charge. But those who both know me, and the necessitie of this resolution, will excuse me of it. The rest ( if they mis-censure me ) are part of those things, *I care not for*.

The Language is but indifferent ; for, I affected *Matter* more then *Words*. The *Method* is none at all : for, I was loath to make a businessse, of a recreation. And we know, he that rides abroad for his pleasure, is not tyed

strictly to keepe *High-waies*, as hee that takes a Journey.

If the intermixing of sleight and weighty things together, be offensive to any. Let them vnderstand, that if they well obserue it, they shall finde a seriousness, euen in that which they imagine least momentary. And if they had aswell obserued the conditions of men, as I haue done : they would perceiue that the greatest number (like Children which are allured to Schoole with points and Aples) must be drawne on with some friuolous expressions, or else will neuer listen to the graue precepts of Virtue; which, when they once heare, doe many times beget a delight in them, before they be aware.

Many Dishes of meate which we affect not may be so Cookt, that we shall haue a good appetit vnto them : So, many men who take no pleasure to seeke *Vertue* in graue Treatises of Morallitie, may ( perhaps ) finding her vnlookt for, masked vnder the habit of a light *Poem*, grow enamord on her beauty.

The foolish *Canterbury Tale* in my *scourge of Vanity*, ( which I am now almost ashamed to read ouer ) euen that, hath bin by some prayfed  
for

for a witty passage : And I haue heard diuers,  
seriously protest, that they haue much more  
feelingly bin informed, & moued to detest the  
Vanity of the humor there skoffed at, by that  
rude *Tale*, then they were by the most graue  
precepts of Phylosophy. And that makes me  
oftentimes affect some things, in regard of their  
vsefulnesse : which being considered according  
to the Method of Art, and rules of Scholler-  
ship, would seeme ridiculous.

But I vse more words for my Apology then  
needes : If this will not giue you satisfaction,  
I am sorry I haue said so much ; and, if you  
know which way, satisfie your selues. For, how  
I am resolved (if you thinke it worth the taking  
notise of) the booke will tell you. *Farewell.*

GEO : WITHER.

A 4

Nec

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# THE FIFTH C A





## WITHER'S Motto.

Nec habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

*Nor Have I, nor Want I, nor Care I.*

**H**Ah! will they storme? why let thē; who needs care?  
Or who dares frown on what the *Muses* dare,  
Who when they list, can for a tempest call,  
Which thunder louder, then their fury shall?  
And if men causelesly their power contemne,  
Will more then mortall vengeance sling on them?

With thine owne trembling spirit, thou didst view  
These free-borne lines; that doubtst what may ensue:  
For if thou feltst the temper of my soule,  
And knewest my heart, thou woulst not feare controul.

Do not I know, my honest thoughts are cleare  
From any private spleene, or malice here?  
Do not I know, that none will frowne at this,  
But such, as haue apparant guiltinesse;  
Or such, as must to shame and ruine runne,  
As some, once ayming at my fall haue done?

And

### WITHER'S MOTTO.

And can I feare those Idle scar-crowes then ?  
Those bugg-beare perils, those meere shades of men ?  
At whose displeasure, they for terror sweat,  
Whose heart vpon the Worlds vaine loue is set ?

No ; when this *Motto* first I mine did make,  
To me I tooke it not for fashions sake :  
But that it might expresse me as I am,  
And keepe me mindfull to be still the same.  
Which I resolue to be : For, could the eye  
Of other men, within my breast espie  
My resolution and the Cause thereof ;  
They durst not at this boldnesse make a scoffe.

Shall I be fearefull of my *selfe*, to speake ;  
For doubt some other may exceptions take ?  
If this Age hold ; ere long we shall goe neere  
Of eu'ry word of our, to stand in feare.  
And (true to one) if any should confesse  
Those sinnes in publike, which his soule oppresse :  
Some guilty fellow (moord thereat) would take it  
Vnto himselfe ; and so, a libell make it.

Nay , We shall hardly be allowd to pray  
Against a crying sinne ; lest great men may  
Suspect, that by a figure, we intend  
To poynt out Them ; and how they doe offend.  
As I haue hope to prosper ; ere I'll fall  
To such a bondage, I'll aduenture all :  
And make the whole world madd, to heare how I  
Will fearelesse write, and raile at Villany.

But oh ! beware (gray-hayrd discretion sayes)  
The Dogg fights well that out of Danger playes.

For

WITHERS'S MOTTO.

For now, these guilty Times so captious be  
That such, as loue in speaking to be free ;  
May for their freedome to their cost be shent,  
How harmelesse er'e they be in their intent :  
And such as of their future peace haue care,  
Tnto the *Times* a little seruile are.

Pish ; tell not me of *Times*, or danger thus.  
To doe a Villany is dangerous ;  
But in an honest action, my heart knowes  
No more of feare, then dead-men doe of blowes.  
And to be slaue to Times, is worse to me  
Then to be that, which most men feare to be.

I tell thee *Cricke* ; whatsoeuer Thou,  
Or any man, of me shall censure now :  
They, who for ought here written doe accuse,  
Or with a mind malicious taxe my *Muse* ;  
Shall nor by day awake ; nor sleepe by night  
With more contentment, in their glories height :  
Then I will doe, though they should lay me where  
I must in darkenesse, bolts of Iron weare.  
For, I am not so ignorant, but that  
I partly know what things I may relate :  
And what an honest man should still conceale,  
I know as well, as what he may reueale.

If they be poore and base, that feare my straine :  
These poore base Fellowes are affraid in vaine.  
I scorne to spurne a dogge, or strike a fly,  
Or with such Groomes to soile my Poesy.  
If great they were, and fallen ; let them know  
I doe abhor to touch a wounded foe.

WITHERS MOTTO.

If on the top of honour, yet they be;  
Tis poore weake honour, if ought done by me  
May blot, or shake the same : yea, whatsoere  
Their Titles cost, or they would faine appeare,  
They are ignoble, and beneath me farre ;  
If with these *Measures* they distemperd are.  
For, if they had true Greatnesse, they would know,  
The spight of all the World, were farre below  
The seat of Noblest Honor ; and that He,  
In whom true worth, and reall Vertues be,  
So well is arm'd : as that he feares no wrong  
From any Tyrants hand, or Villaines tongue.  
Much lesse be startled at those *Numbers* would ;  
Where *Vertue's* prayled, and proud vice contrould.

Is any man the worse if I expresse  
My *Wants*, my *Riches*, or my *Carelesnesse* ?  
Or can my honest thoughts, or my content,  
Be turn'd to any mans disparagement,  
If he be honest ? Nay, those men will finde,  
A pleasure, in this Picture of my Minde,  
Who honor Vertue : and instead of blame,  
Will (as they haue done) loue me for the same.

You are deceiu'd, if the *Bohemian* state  
You thinke I touch ; or the *Palatinate* :  
Or that, this ought of *Eighty-eight* containes ;  
The *Powder-plot*, or any thing of *Spaines* :  
That their *Ambassador* neede question me,  
Or bring me iustly for it on my knee.  
The state of those Occurrences I know  
Too well ; my Raptures that way to bestow.

WITHERS MOTTO.

Nor need you doubt, but any friend you haue,  
May play the foole, and if he list the knaue,  
For ought here written : For, it is not such  
As you suppose ; nor what you feare so much.  
If I had beene dispos'd to Satyrize,  
Would I haue tam'd my *Numbers* in this wise ?  
No ; I haue *Furies* that lye ty'de in chaines,  
Bold (English-mastive-like) aduentrous Straines :  
Who fearelesse dare, on any *Monster* flye,  
That weares a body of Mortality.  
And I had let them loose, if I had list,  
To play againe, the sharpe-fang'd *Satyrist*.

That therefore, you no more mis-title *This*,  
I say, it is my *Motto* ; and it is.  
Ple haue it so : For, if it please not me ;  
It shall not be a *Satyr*, though it be.  
What is't to you (or any man) if I,  
This little *Poem* terme as foolishly,  
As some men doe their children ? Is it not,  
Mine owne *Minerva*, of my braines begot ?  
For ought I know, I neuer did intrude,  
To name your *Whelps* : and if you be so rude,  
To meddle with my *Kitling* (though in sport)  
Tis odds, but sheel'e goe neere to scratch you for't.

Play with your *Monkey* then, and let it lye :  
Or (if you be not angry) take it pray,  
And read it ouer. —————

————— So ; the *Critick's* gone,  
Who at these *Numbers* carpt ; and We alone :  
Proceede we to the matter. —————



Nec Habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

**S**ome hauing seene, where I this Motto writ  
Beneath my Picture ; askt, what meaned it.  
And many in my absence, doe assay,  
What by these words, they best coniecture may :  
Some haue supposed, that it doth expresse,  
An vnaduised, desperate Carelesnesse.  
Some others doe imagine, that I mean  
In little, to set forth a great Content.  
Some, on each member of the Sentence dwell  
And (first) will, what I haue not, seeme to tell:  
What things I want not, they will next declare :  
And then they gesse, for what I doe not care.  
But that they might not from my meaning err,  
Ple now become my owne Interpreter.  
Some things I haue, which here I will not show ;  
Some things I want, which you shall neuer know:  
And sometime I (perchance) doe Carefull grow ;  
But we, with that, will nothing haue to doe.  
If good occasion be thereof to speake ;  
Another time, we may the pleasure take.  
That, which to treat of, I now purpose (therefor,)  
Is what I neither haue, nor want, nor care for.

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WITHERS' MOTTO.

*Nec Habeo.*

**A**Nd first; that no man else may censure me,  
For Vaunting what belongeth not to me :  
Here what *I haue not* ; for, I'le not deny  
To make confession of my pouertie.

*I haue not* of my selfe, the powre, or grace,  
To be, or not to be ; one minute-space.  
*I haue not* strength another word to write ;  
Or tell you what I purpose to indite :  
Or thinke out halfe a thought, before my death,  
But by the leaue of him that gaue me breath,  
*I haue no* natiue goodnesse in my soule ;  
But I was ouer all, corrupt and foule ;  
And till another cleans'd me, *I had nought*  
That was not stayn'd within me : not a thought.  
*I haue no* proper meritt ; neither will,  
Or to resolute, or act, but what is ill.  
*I haue no* meanes of safety, or content,  
In ought which mine owne wisdom can inuent.  
*Nor haue I* reason to be desperate tho :  
Because for this, a remedy I know.

*Nec* *I haue no* portion in the world like this  
That I may breath that ayre, which common is:  
*Nor haue I* seene within this spacious Round ;  
What I haue worth my Ioy or sorrow found.  
Except it hath for these that follow binn ;  
The Loue of my Redeemer, and my sinn.

WITHERS MOTTO.

*I none of those great Priuiledges haue,  
Which make the Minions of the Time, so braue.  
I haue no sumptuous Pallaces, or Bowers  
That ouer top my neighbours with their Towns.  
I haue no large Demeanes, or Princely Rents,  
Like those Heroes; nor their discontents.  
I haue no glories from mine Auncesters;  
For want of reall worth to bragg of theirs  
Nor haue I basenesse in my Pedigree;  
For it is noble, though obscure it be,*

*I haue no gold those honours to obtaine,  
Which men might heretofore, by Vertue gaine,  
Nor haue I witt, if wealth were given me;  
To thinke, bought Place or Title, honour'd me.  
I (yet) haue no beliefe that they are wise,  
Who for base ends, can basely temporise:  
Or that it will at length be ill for me,  
That I lin'd poore, to keepe my Spirit free.*

*I haue no Causes in our Pleading Courts.  
Nor start I at our Chancery Reports.  
No fearefull Bill hath yet affrighted me,  
No Motion, Order, Iudgement, or Decree.  
Nor haue I forced beene to tedious Iorneys,  
Betwixt my Counsellors and my Attorneys.  
I haue no neede of those long gowned warriors,  
Who play at Westminster vnarm'd at Barriers;  
Nor gamster for those Common-pleas am I,  
Whose sport is marred, by the Chancery.  
I haue no iuggling hand, no double tongue;  
Nor any mind to take, or doe a wrong.*

*I haue*

## WITHER'S MOTTO.

*I have no shifts or cunning sleights, on which  
I feed my selfe, with hope of being rich.*

*Nor haue I one of these, to make me poore;  
Hounds, Humors, running hories, Haukes, or VVhore,*

*I haue no pleasure in acquaintance, where  
The Rules of State, and Ceremony, are  
Observ'd so seriously; that I must dance,  
And act o're all the Complements of France,  
And Spaine, and Italy; before I can.*

*Betaken, for a well bred Englishman:  
And euery time we meet, be forc't agen,  
To put in action that most idle Sceane,  
Mong these, much precious time (vnto my cost)  
And much true-hearty meaning haue I lost.  
VVhich hauing found: I doe resolue therefore,  
To lose my Time, and Friendship, so no more.*

*I haue no Complements; but what may show;  
That I doe manners, and good breeding know.  
For much I hate, the forced, Apish tricks,  
Of those our home-disdaining Politicks:  
VVho to the Forraine guise are so affected,  
That English Honesty is quite reiected:  
And in the stead thereof; they furnish home,  
VVith shaddowes of Humanity doe come.  
Oh! how iudicious in their owne esteeme,  
And how compleatly, Trauelled they seeme;  
If in the place of reall kindnesse,  
(VVhich Nature could, haue taught them to expresse)  
They can with gestures, lookes, and language sweet,  
Fawne like a Curtezan, on all they meet:*

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And

## WITHER'S MOTTO.

And vie, in humble and kind speeches; when,  
They doe most proudly, and most falsely meane.  
On this; too many falsely set their face,  
Of Courtship and of wisdome: but tis base.  
For, seruile (vnto me) it doth appeare,  
When we descend, to sooth and flatter, where  
We want affection: yea, I hate it more,  
Then to be borne a slaue; or to be poore.  
*I haue no* pleasure, or delight in ought,  
That by dissembling, must to passe be brought.  
If I dislike, I'le sooner tell them so,  
Then hide my face, beneath a friendly show.  
For he, who to be iust, hath an intent,  
Needs nor dissemble, nor a lye inuent.  
I rather wish to faile with honesty,  
Then to preuaile in ought by treachery.  
And with this minde, I'le safer sleepe, then all  
Our *Machauillian* Politicians shall.

*I haue no* Minde to flatter; though I might,  
Be made some Lords companion; or a Knight.  
Nor shall my Verse for me on begging goe,  
Though I might starue, vnlesse it did doe so.

*I haue no* *Muses* that will serue the turne,  
At euery Triumph; and reioyce or mourne,  
Vpon a minutes warning for their hire;  
If with old *Sberry* they themselues inspire.  
I am not of a temper, like to those,  
That can provide an houres sad alke in *Prose*,  
For any Funerall; and then goe Dine,  
And choke my griefe, with Sugar-plums and Wine.

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# WITHER'S MOTTO.

I cannot at the *Claret* sit and laugh,  
 And then halfe tipfie, write an *Epitaph*;  
 Or howle an *Epicædium* for each Groome,  
 That is, by Fraud, or Nigardize, become  
 A wealthy Alderman: Nor, for each Gull,  
 That hath acquir'd the stile of Worshipfull,  
 I cannot for reward adorne the Hearse,  
 Of some old rotten *Miser*, with my Verse:  
 Nor like the *Poetaſters* of the Time;  
 Goe howle a dolefull *Elegie* in Ryme,  
 For euery Lord or Ladiship that dyes:  
 And then perplex their Heires, to Patronize  
 That muddy *Poesie*. Oh! how I scorne,  
 Those Raptures, which are free, and nobly borne,  
 Should Fidler-like, for entertainment scrape  
 At strangers windowes: and goe play the Ape,  
 In counterfeiting Passion, when there's none,  
 Or in good earnest, foolishly bemoane  
 (In hope of cursed bounty) their iust death;  
 Who, (liuing) merrit not, a minutes breath  
 To keepe their *Fame* aliue, vnles to blow,  
 Some Trumpet which their blacke disgrace may show.

I cannot (for my life) my *Pen* compell,  
 Vpon the praise of any man to dwell:  
 Vlesse I know, (or thinke at least) his worth,  
 To be the same, which I haue blazed forth.  
 Had I some honest Suite; the gaine of which,  
 Would make me noble, eminent, and rich:  
 And that to compasse it, no meanes there were  
 Vlesse I basely flatter'd some great Peere;

Vine.  
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*WITHERS MOTTO.*

Would with that Suite, my ruine I might get:  
If on those termes I would endeaour it.

*I haue nor bin to their condition borne,*  
Who are inclined to respect, and scorne;  
As men in their estates, doe rise or fall:  
Or rich, or poore, I *Vertue* loue in all.  
And where I finde it not, I doe despise  
To fawne on them; how high so-e're they rise,  
For, where proud *Greatnesse* without worth I see:  
Old *Mordecai* had not a stiffer knee.

I cannot giue a *Plaudis* (I protest)  
When as his Lordship thinkes, he breakes a ieast,  
Vnles it moue me; neither can I grin,  
When he a causeles laughter doth begin.  
I cannot sweare him, truely honourable;  
Because he once receiud me to his table;  
And talk't as if the *Muses* glad might be,  
That he vouchsafed such a grace to me.  
His slender worth, I could not blaze on so,  
By strange *Hyporboles*, as some would do.  
Or wonder at it, as if none had bin  
His equall, since King *William* first came in:  
Nor can I thinke true *Vertue* euer car'd  
To giue or take, (for praise) what I haue heard.

For if we peyze them well; what goodly grace,  
Haue outward Beauties, Riches, Titles, Place,  
Or such; that we, the owners should commend,  
When no true vertues, doe on these attend?  
It beautifull he be, what honour's that?  
As faire as he, is many a Beggars brat.



## WITHER'S MOTTO.

If we, his noble Titles would extoll;  
Those Titles, he may haue and be a foole.  
If Seats of Iustice he hath climb'd (we say)  
So Tyrants, and corrupt oppressors may.  
If for a large estate his praise we tell:  
A thousand Villanies, may be prais'd as well.  
If he, his Princes good esteeme be in;  
Why, so hath many a bloody Traytor bin.  
And if in these things he alone excell,  
Let those that list, vpon his prayses dwell.  
Some other worth I finde, ere I haue sense  
Of any praise-deseruing excellence.

*I haue no friends, that once affected were,*  
But to my heart, they sit this day, as neare,  
As when I most endear'd them (though they seeme,  
To fall from my opinion or esteeme: )  
For precious Time, in idle would be spent;  
If I with All, should alwayes complement.  
And till, my loue I may to purpose show;  
I care not wher' they thinke I loue or no.  
For sure I am, if any finde me chang'd;  
Their greatnes, nor their meannesse me estrang'd.

*I haue not priz'd mens loues, the lesse or more,*  
Because I saw them, either rich, or poore;  
But as their loue, and Vertues did appeare,  
I such esteem'd them, whosoe're they were.

*I haue no trust, or confidence in friends,*  
That seeke to know me, meerly for their ends;  
*Nor haue I euer said, I loued yer;*  
Where I expected more then *Loue* for it,

## WITHER'S MOTTO.

And let me faile of that where most I lou'd,  
If that with greater ioy I be not mou'd  
By twenty-fold, when I my kindnes show,  
Then when their fauours they on me bestow.

*I haue not* that vile minde; nor shall my brest  
For euer, with such basenes be possest;  
As in my anger (be it ne're so iust)  
To vtter ought committed to my trust  
In time of friendship: though constrained so,  
That want of telling it, should me vndo.  
For, whosoe're hath trust repos'd in me;  
Shall euer find me true, though false he be.

*I haue no* loue to Countrey, Prince or Friend;  
That can be more, or lesse, or haue an end.  
For whatsoeuer state they rais'd me to;  
I would not loue them; better then I do.  
Nor can I hate them; though on me they should  
Heape all the scorne, and iniury they could.

*I haue no* doting humor, to affect  
Where loue I finde rewarded with neglect.  
I neuer was with melancholy fit  
Oppressed in such stupid manner, yet,  
As that vnghently to my friends I spake;  
Or heed to their contentment, did not take:  
Nor haue I felt my Anger so inflam'd  
But that with gentle speach it might be tam'd.

*I haue no* priuate cause of discontent;  
Nor grudge against the publike gouernment.  
*I haue no* spight, or enuie in my brest,  
Nor doth anothers peace disturbe my rest.

*I haue*

## WITHERS MOTTO.

*I haue not* (yet) that dunghill humour, which  
Some Great-men haue; who, so they may be rich,  
Thinke all gaine sweet, and nought ashamed are,  
In vile, and rascall Suites to haue a share.  
For I their basenes scorne: and euer loth'd  
By wronging others, to be fed or cloth'd,  
Much more, to haue my pride, or lust maintain'd,  
VVith what, by foule oppression hath bene gain'd.

*I haue not* bene enamor'd on the Fate  
Of men, to great aduancements fortunate.  
I neuer yet a Favourite did see  
So happy, that I wished to be hee:  
Nor would I, whatsoe're of me became;  
Be any other man, but who I am.  
For, though I am assur'd the destiny  
Of millions tendeth to felicity:  
Yet, those deare secret comforts, which I finde,  
Vnscene, within the closet of my minde:  
Giue more assurance of true happines,  
Then any outward glories can expresse.  
And 'tis so hard, (what shewes soe're there be)  
The inward plight of other men to see:  
That my estate, with none exchange I dare,  
Although my Fortunes more dispis'd were.

*I haue not* hitherto divulged ought,  
VVherein my words dissented from my thought.  
Nor would I faile; if I might able be,  
To make my manners, and my words agree.  
*I haue not* bene ashamed to confesse  
My lowest Fortunes, or the kindeesses,

WITHERS MOTTO.

Of poorest men: Nor haue I proud beene made,  
By any fauor from a great Man, had  
*I haue not plac't so much of my Content,*  
Vpon the goods of *Fortune*, to lament  
The losse of them; more then may seemely be,  
To grieue for things, which are no part of me.  
For, I haue knowne the worst of being poore;  
Yea lost, when I to lose haue had no more,  
And though, the Coward *World* more quakes for feare  
Of Pouerty, then any plagues that are:  
Yet, He that mindes his End, obserues his Ward,  
The Meanes persues, and keepes a heart prepar'd:  
Dares, Scorne and Pouerty as boldly meete;  
As others gladly, Fame, and Riches greet.  
For those, who on the stage of this proud World,  
Into the pawes of *Want* and *Scorne* are hurld:  
Are in the *Master-prize*, that trieth men;  
And *Vertue* fighteth her brau'st Combat, then,  
*I no Antipathy (as yet) haue had,*  
Twixt me, and any Creature, God hath made:  
For if they doe not scratch, nor bite, nor sting,  
Snakes, Serpents, Todes, or Catts, or any thing  
I can endure to touch, or looke vpon:  
(So cannot eu'ry one whom I haue knowne.)  
*I haue no Nation on the earth abhord,*  
But with a *Iewe*, or *Spaniard* can accord,  
As well, as with my Brother; if I finde  
He beare a Vertuous, and Heroick minde.  
Yet (I confesse) of all men, I most hate  
Such, as their manuers doe adulterate.

Those

## WITHER'S MOTTO.

Those Linsy-woolsey people, who are neither  
*French, English, Scottish, nor Dutch*: but altogether  
Those, I affect not; rather wish I could,  
That they were fish, or flesh, or hott, or cold;  
But none among all them, worse brooke I, then  
Our meere Hispaniolized *Englishmen*.

And if we scape their Trecheries at home,  
I'll feare no mischies, where so'ere I come.

are *I have not* fear'd who my Religion knowes:

Nor euer for preferment, made I shewes  
Of what I was not. For, although I may  
Through want, be forc't, to put on worse array,  
Vpon my Body; I will euer finde,  
Meanes to maintaine, a habit for my Minde,  
Of Truth in graine: and weare it, in the sight  
Of all the world: in all the worlds despight.

I, their presumption, *have not*, who dare blame,  
A fault in others; and correct the same  
With grieuous punishments: yet guilty be,  
Of those offences in more high degree.  
For, oh! how bold, and impudent a face,  
(And what vnmoued hearts of Flint and Brasse)  
Haue those corrupted *Magistrates*, who dare,  
Vpon the seat of Iudgement sit; and there  
Without an inward horror preach abroad,  
The guilt of Sinne, and heauy wrath of God;  
(Against offenders pleading at their *Barr*)  
Yet know, what plots, within their bosomes are?  
Who; when (enthron'd for Iustice) they behold,  
A reuerend *Magistrate*, both graue, and old:

nose

And



## WITHERS MOTTO.

And heare how sternly, he doth aggrauate  
Each little crime, offenders perpetrate :  
How much the fact he seemeth to abhor ;  
How he, a iust correction labours for ;  
How he admires, and wonders that among  
A people, where the Faith hath florishd long  
Such wickednes should raigne which (he hath heard)  
The Heathen to commit, haue bin affeard.

Who, that obserues all this ; would thinke that He  
Did but an houre before, receiue a fee,  
Some Innocent (by law) to murder there ?  
Or else, from Children fatherles to teare  
Their iust Inheritance ? and that when this  
Were done (as if that nought had beene amisse)  
He could goe sleepe vpon a deed so foule ;  
And neither thinke on mans, or Gods controule ?  
*I haue not* a stupidity so madd,

And this presumption, I would no man hadd,  
*I haue no* question made, but some there are,  
Who, when of this my *Motto* they shall heare ;  
Will haue a better stomacke, to procure  
That I may check, or punishment endure,  
Then their owne euill manners to amend :  
For that's a worke, they cannot yet intend.  
And though, they many view (before their face)  
Fal'ne, and each minute falling to disgrace ;  
(For lesse offences farre then they commit)  
Without remorse, and penitence they sit.  
As if that They, (and they all one) had binne,  
Without the compasse of reproofe of sinne.

*I haue*



## WITHER'S MOTTO.

*I haue no great opinion of their wit,*  
Nor euer saw their actions prosper, yet,  
Who wedded to their owne deuises be;  
And will nor counsell heare, nor danger see;  
That is foretold them by their truest friends :  
But rather, list to them, who for their ends  
Doe sooth their fancies. And the best excuse;  
That such men can, to hide their folly vse;  
(When all their idle proiects come to nought)  
Are these words of the foole. *I had not thought.*

*I haue not* their delight, who pleasure take  
At Natures imperfections scoffes to make,  
Nor heue I bitternes against that sinne,  
Which thorow weakenes hath committed bin.  
(For I my selfe, am to offences prone;  
And euery day commit I many a one)  
But at their hatefull crimes I onely glance  
That sinne of pleasure, pride, and arrogance.

*I haue not* so much knowledge as to call  
The *Arts* in question; neither wit so small,  
To wast my spirits, those things to attaine;  
Which all the world hath labour'd for in vaine.

*I haue not* so much beauty, to attract  
The eyes of Ladies: neither haue I lackt  
Of that proportion which doth well suffice  
To make me gracious, in good peoples eyes.

*I haue not* done, so many a holy deed;  
As that of *IESVS CHRIST*, I haue no need.  
And my *good-workes* I hope are not so few;  
But that in me a liuing *Faith* they shew.

*I haue*

WITHERS MOTTO.

*I haue not found ability so much,  
To carry Milstones; yea, and were it such,  
I should not greatly vaunt it: for, in this,  
A scurvie pack-horse farr my better is.  
I loue his manly strength, that can resist  
His owne desires: force passage when he list  
Through all his strong affections, and subdue,  
The stout attempts of that rebellious crewe.  
This, were a brauer strength then Sampson got:  
And this, I couet, but *I haue* it not.*

*I haue not so much heedlesnes of things,  
Which appertaine vnto the Courts of Kings;  
But that from my low station, I can see  
A Princes loue may oft abused be.  
For many men their Country iniure dare  
At home; where, all our eyes vpon them are,  
And (of the worlds Protector) I implore,  
The trust abroad, be not abused more.*

*I haue no Brother, but of younger age,  
Nor haue I Birth-right without heritage:  
And with that land, let me inherit shame;  
Vnlesse I grieve when I possesse the same.*

*The value of a penny haue I not,  
That was by bribery, or extortion got.  
I haue no Lands that from the Church were pild,  
To bring (hereafter) ruine to my Child.  
And hitherto, I thinke, I haue beene free  
From Widdowes, or from Orphants cursing me.*

*The Spleene, the Collicke, or the Lychargy,  
Gouts, Palsies, Dropfies, or a Lunnacy.*

*I (by*

## WITHER'S MOTTO.

I (by inheritance) *haue none* of these:

Nor raigning sinne; nor any foule disease.

*I haue no* debts, but such as (when I can)

I meane to pay; nor is there any man

(To whom I stand ingag'd by ought I borrow)

Shall losse sustaine, though I should dye to morrow.

And if they should (so much my friends they be)

Their greatest losse the'le thinke the losse of me.

And well they know, I tooke not what they lent,

To wrong their loues, or to be idly spent.

Except the *Deuill*, and that cursed brood,

VVhich haue dependance on his Deuil-hood,

I know *no* foes *I haue*; for, if there be,

In none, more malice, then I finde in me:

The earth, that man (at this time) doth not beare

VVho would not, if some iust occasions were;

(Eu'n in his height of spleene) my life to saue,

Adventure with one foot, into his graue.

To make me carefull; Children *I haue none*;

*Nor haue I*, any VVife to get them on;

*Nor haue I*, (yet to keepe her) had I one;

*Nor* can this spoyle my Marriage being knowne.

Since I am sure, I was not borne for her,

That shall before my worth, her wealth prefer:

For, I doe set my Vertues, at a rate,

As high as any prize their Riches at.

And if All count, the venture too much cost,

In keeping it my selfe there's nothing lost.

For, she I wed, shall somewhat thinke in me

More worthy Loue, then great reuenues be.

And

*WITHER'S MOTTO.*

And if I finde not one, of such a minde,  
(As such indeed, are Jewels rare to finde)  
Ile clasped in mine owne embraces lye:  
And neuer touch a woman till I dye.

For, shall a Fellow, whom (the Usurer)  
His father, by extortion did prefer  
Vnto an heritage in value cleare,  
Aboue foure times a thousand pounds a yeare,  
So worthily or so confident become?  
(By meanes of that his goodly annuall somme,  
Which may be lost to morrow) as to dare  
Attempt a *Nymph* of Honour for his pheare?  
Shall he, that hath with those foure thousand pounds  
A gaming vaine; a deepe mouth'd cry of Hounds,  
Three cast of Hawkes, of Whores as many brace,  
Sixe hunting Naggs, and five more for the race:  
(Perhaps a numerous brood of fighting-Cocks)  
Physicians, Barbers, Surgeons for the Pox;  
And twenty other humors to maintaine;  
(Beside the yearely charges of his traine)  
With this reuenu? Most of which, or all  
To morgage must be set? perhaps to sale  
To pay his creditors, and yet all faile  
To keepe his crasie body from the Iayle?  
Shall this dull Foole, with his vncertaine store  
(And in all honesty and Vertues poore)  
Hope for a *Mistresse*, noble, rich, and faire?  
And is it likely, that I can dispaire  
To be as happy, if I seeke it would?  
Who such a matchlesse fortune haue in hold;

## WITHER'S MOTTO.

That though the *World* my ruine plot and threat,  
I can in spight of it be rich, and great?

A silly Girle, no sooner vnderstands,  
That shee is left in Portion, or in Lands;  
So large a fortune, that it doth excell  
The greatest part, who neare about her dwell:  
But straight begins to rate, and prize her selfe  
According to the value of her pelfe.  
And though to Gentry, nor good breeding born;  
Can all, that haue estates beneath her, scorn.

This wit a *Woman* hath: and shall not I,  
Who know I haue a *Wealtb*, which none can buy  
For all the world; expect a nobler phere  
Then sutes vnto a hundred pounds a yeere?  
Shall loue of Truth, and Vertue make of me  
A match no better worthy, then is He  
Who knowes not what they meane? and doth possesse  
In outward fortunes neither more, nor lesse?

Haue I oft heard so many faire ones plaine  
How fruitles Titles are? how poore and vaine  
They found rich greatnes, where they did not find,  
True Loue, and the endowments of the mind?  
Haue sayrest Ladies often sworne to me  
That if they might, but onely, *Mistresse* be  
Of true affection; they would prize it more  
Then all these glories, which the most adore:  
Haue I obseru'd how hard it is to find  
A constant heart? a iust and honest mind?  
How few good natures in the world there are;  
How scanty true affection is? how rare?

And



WITHER'S MOTTO.

And shall I passe as true a Heart away,  
As hath conceiu'd an honest thought to day;  
As if in value to no more it came,  
Then would endeare me to a vulgar Dame  
On equall termes? or else vndoe me with  
Some old rich Croan, that hath out-liu'd her teeth?  
I'le rather breake it with proud scorne; that dead,  
The wormes may risse for my *Mayden head.*

*I haue no loue to beauties, which are gone*  
Much like a Rose in Iune, assoone as blowne.  
Those painted *Cabinets* and nought within,  
Haue little power my respect to win.

*Nor haue I, yet, that stupid loue to pesse,*  
As for the hope thereof, to yoke my selfe  
With any female; betwixt whom, and me,  
There could not in the soule, a marriage be.  
For whosoeuer ioyne without that care;  
Foolles, and accursed in their matches are;  
And so are you, that either heare or view  
What I auer; vnlesse you thinke it true.

*I haue no meaning, whensoere I wed,*  
That my companion, shall become my head. }  
Nor would I (if I meant to keepe my right)  
So much as say so, though that win her might.  
Not though a Dutchesse: for, the meanes Ile vse  
To keepe my worth, though my reward I loose.  
Yea, from a prison had she raised me,  
Lord of her fortunes, and her Selfe to be;  
I that respect, would still expect to haue,  
Which might become her Husband: not her slaue.

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And should I spouse a Begger ; I would shew,  
What loue, and honor, to a wife were due:

*I haue not*, yet, of any skorned binn;  
Whose good opinion, I haue sought to winn.  
Nor haue I (when I meane to woe) a feare,  
That any man shall make me, willow weare.

*I haue not* eyes so excellent, to see  
Things (as some men can do) before they be.  
Nor purblind sight ; which crymes farre off can mark:  
Yet seeme, to faults, which are more neare me, dark.

*I haue not* eares for euery tale that's told:  
Nor memory, things friuelous to hold.

*I haue not* their credulity that dare,  
Giue credit vnto all reports they heare.

*Nor haue I* subiect to their dulnes beene,  
Who can belieue no more then they haue seene.

*I haue no* feeling of those wrongs that be  
By base vnworthy fellowes, offerd me :

For, my contentment ; and my glory, lyes  
About the pitch, their spight, or malice flies.

*I haue not* neede enough, as yet, to serue ;  
Nor impudence to craue, till I deserue.

*I haue no* hope, the worlds esteeme to get ;  
Nor could a Foole, or Knaue, e're brooke me yet.

*I haue not* villany enough, to prey  
Vpon the weake : or friendship to betray.

*Nor haue I* so much loue to life, that I  
Would seeke to saue it by dishonesty;

*I haue not* Cowardise enough to feare,  
In honest actions ; though my death be there:

**WITHERS'S MOTTO.**

Nor heart, to perpetrate a wilfull sinne:  
Though I with safty, large renowne might winn :  
And for omitting it, were sure to dye,  
Ne're to be thought on, but with infamy.

*I haue not* their base cruelty, who can  
Insult, vpon an ouer-griued man :  
Or tread on him, that at my feete doth bow.  
For, I protest, no villany I know  
That could be done me ; but if I perceiu'd  
(Or thought) the doer, without faigning grieu'd :  
I truly could forgiue him ; as if he  
Had neuer in a thought abused me.  
And if my loue to mercy, I belye  
Let God deny me mercy when I dye.

*I haue not* that vnhappyneffe, to be  
A Rich mans Sonne ; For he had trained me,  
In some vaine path ; and I had neuer sought,  
That knowledge which my pouerty hath taught ?

*I haue no* inclination to respect  
Each vulgar complement, nor yet neglect  
An honest shew of friendship : For, I swear,  
I rather wish, that I deceiu'd were ;  
Than of so base a disposition be,  
As to a trust, till cause were giuen me.

*I haue no* Courtship, to accord  
To ought dishonour ; sooner for a Lord,  
Then for his meanest Groom, and hopes there be  
It neuer will be otherwise with me.

*I haue no* policies to make me seeme  
A man well-worthy of the worlds esteeme.

Nor

## WITHERS'S MOTTO.

*Nor haue* I hope, I shall hereafter grow,  
To any more regard, for saying so;

*I haue* no doubt, though here a slighted thing;  
But I am fauourite to Heau'ns great King.  
Nor haue I feare, but all thats good in me;  
Shall in my Life, or Death, rewarded be.

But yet, *I haue not* that attain'd, for which  
Those who account this nothing, thinke me rich:  
Nor that, which they doe reckon worth esteeme;  
To whom, the riches of the mind, doe seeme  
A scornefull Pouerty. But let that goe,  
Men cannot prize the Pearles they doe not know.  
*Nor haue* I power to teach them: for if I,  
Should here consume my guist of Poetrie:  
(And wholly wast my spirits, to expresse  
What rich contents, a poore estate may blesse)  
It were impossible, to moue the sense  
Of those braue things, in their intelligence.

*I haue not* found, on what I may relie;  
Vnlesse it carry some Diuinitie  
To make me confident: for, all the glory,  
And all hopes faile; in things meere transitory.

What man is there among vs, doth not know,  
A thousand men, this night to bed will goe,  
Of many a hundred goodly things possesse;  
That shall haue nought to morow but a Chest,  
And one poore Sheete to lie in? What I may,  
Next morning haue, I know not; But to day,  
A Friend, Meate, Drinke, and fitting Clothes to weare;  
Some Bookes and Papers, which my Iewels are;

WITHER'S MOTTO.

A *Servant* and a *Horse* : all this I haue,  
And when I dye, one promist me a *Graue*.  
A *Graue*; that quiet closet of Content:  
And I haue built my selfe a *Monument*.  
But (as I liue) excepting onely this;  
(Whith of my wealth the *Inuentory*, is)  
I haue so litle; I my oath might saue:  
If I should take it, that *I, nothing haue*.

*Nec Careo.*

And yet, what *Want*? or who knoweth how,  
I may be richer made then I am now?  
Or what great *Peere*, or wealthy *Alderman*,  
Bequeath, his sonne, so great a Fortune can?  
*I nothing want* that needfull is to haue;  
Sought I no more, then Nature bids me craue.  
For; as we see, the smallest *Vials*, may  
As full as greatest *Glasses* be; though they  
Much lesse containe: So, my small portion giues  
That full content to me; in which he liues,  
Who most possesseth: and with larger store,  
I might fill others, but my selfe, no more.

*I want not* Temperance, to rest content  
With what the providence of God, hath lent;  
*Nor want I* a sufficiency, to know;  
Which way to vse it, if he more bestow.  
For, as when me, one horse would easier beare,  
To ride on two at once, it madnes were:

And



WITHERS' MOTTO.

And, as when one small Bowle might quench my thirst,  
To lift a Vessell, that my backe might burst  
Were wondrous folly : So absurd a thing,  
It were in me ; should I neglect a Spring,  
(Whose plenty may a Countries want supply)  
To dwell by some small *Pool* that would be dry.  
If therefore, ought doe happen in the way ;  
Which on a iust occasion seeke I may :  
*I want not* resolution to make tryall ;  
*Nor want* ? patience, if I haue deniall.

Men aske me what Preferment I haue gain'd;  
What riches, by my Studies are attain'd :  
And those that fed, and fatned are with drasse  
For their destruction ; please themselues to laugh  
At my low Fate ; As if I nought had got  
(For my enriching) cause they saw it not.  
Alas ! that Mole-ey'd issue, cannot see,  
What Patrimonies, are bestow'd on mee.  
There is a brauer wealthinesse, then what;  
They (by abundance) haue arriued at.  
Had I their wealth I should not sleepe the more  
Securely for it; and, were I as poore  
In outward fortunes, as men shipwrackt are;  
I should (of pouerty) haue no more feare,  
Then if I had the Riches and the powers;  
Of all the Esterne Kings and Emperors.  
For, grasse though trod into the earth may grow ;  
And highest Cedars haue an ouerthrow.  
Yea, I haue seene, as many begger'd by  
Their fathers wealth; and much prosperity;

WITHERS MOTTO.

As haue by want mis-done. And for each one,  
Whom by his riches, I aduanc't haue knowne ;  
I three could reckon, who through being poore,  
Haue rais'd their Fortunes, and their friends the more,

To what contents, doe men most wealthy mount,  
Which I enioy not; If their Cares we count?

My cloathing keepes me full as warme as their,  
My Meates vnto my taste, as pleasing are.

I feede enough my hunger to suffice :

I sleepe, till I my selfe, am pleas'd to rise.

My Dreames as sweete, and full of quiet be :

My waking cares, as seldome trouble me.

I haue as oftentimes, a Sunny day ;

And sport, and laugh, and sing, as well as they.

I breath as wholesome and as sweete an Ayre ;

As louing as my *Mistresse*, and as faire.

My body is as healthy ; and I finde,

As little cause of Sicknesse, in my minde,

I am as wise, I thinke, as some of those ;

And oft my selfe as foolishly dispose :

For, of the wisest, I am none (as yet)

And I haue nigh, as little hayre as wit :

Of neither, haue I ought to let to farme,

Nor so much want I, as may keepe me warme.

I find my *Liber* sound, my ioynts well knit :

*Youth*, and good *Diet*, are my *Doctors* yet.

Nor on *Potatoes*, or *Eringoes* feede I ;

No Meates restorative to raise me, neede I :

Nor *Amber-greece*, with other things confected,

To take away the stinke, of Lungs infected.

I neuer

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I neu'r in need of *Parbicary* stood.  
Or any Surgeons hand to let me blood :  
For since the Rod, my Tutor hurled by,  
I haue not medled with *Phlebotomy*.

As good as other mens, my senses be ;  
Each limbe I haue, as able is in me,  
And whether I, as louely be, or no :  
Tis ten to one, but some doe thinke me so.

The wealthiest men, no benefits possesse,  
But I haue such, or better, in their place.

As they my low condition, can contemn ;  
So, I know how to fling a scorne at them.  
My Fame, is yet as faire, and flies as farre.

As some mens, that with Titles laden are,

Yea, by my selfe much more I haue attain'd,

Then many, hane with helpe of others gain'd.

And my esteeme, I will not change for their,

Whose Fortunes are, ten thousand more a yeare.

*Nor want I so much grace, as to confesse ;*

That God is Author of this happinesse.

*I want not so much iudgement, as to see*

There must twixt men, and men, a difference be,

And I, of those in place, account do make,

(Though they be wicked) for good orders sake.

But I could stoope to serue them at their feete,

Where olde *Nobility*, and *Vertue* meete.

To finde mine owne defects, *I want not sense :*

*Nor want I will to griue, for my offence.*

To see my Friend misdoe, *I want not eyes ;*

Nor Loue, to couer his infirmities.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

*I want not* Spirit, if I once but know  
The way be iust, and noble that I goe.  
My mind's as great as theirs that greatest are;  
Yet, I can make it fit the clothes I weare.  
And whether I ascend, or lower fall:

*I want not* hope but I preferue it shall.

*I want no* slanders; neither want I braine,  
To scorne the Rascall rumors, of the vaine  
And giddy multitude, And (trust me) they  
So farre vnable are to talke away  
My resolution; that no more it feares  
The worst their ignorance or malice dares:  
Then doth the *Moone*, when dogs and birds of night,  
Doe barking stand, or whooting at her light.  
And if this mischiefe, no way shun I could,  
But that they praise me, or dispraise me would:  
I rather wish, their tongues should blast my name;  
Then be beholding to them for my fame.

*I want nor* witt, nor honesty enough  
To keepe my hand, from such base Rascall stuffe,  
As is a *Libell*: For, although I shall  
Sometime let flye, at *Vice* in generall;  
I spare particulers; Nor shall a Knaue  
In my *Lines* liue, so much as shame to haue.  
But in his owne corruption, dye, and rot;  
That all his memory may be forgot.

*I want nor* so much Knowledge, as to know,  
True *Wisedom*e, lies not in a glorious show  
Of humane Learning; or in being able  
To cite Authorities innumerable,

Nor

WITHERS MOTTO.

Nor in a new inuention. But that man,  
Who make good vse of eu'ry creature can :  
And from all things, that happen well, or ill,  
Contentment drawes; (and keepes a conscience still,  
To witnesse his endeauours to be good,)  
That man is wisest; though he vnderstood  
The language of no country but his owne,  
Nor euer had the vse of Letters knowne.

To make faire shewes, of *Honesty* and *Arts*;  
Of *Knowledge* and *Religion* : are the parts  
This Age doth strine to play : but few there are,  
Who truly are the same they doe appears.  
And this is that, which daily makes vs see  
So many, whom we honest thought to be,  
And Wise, and learned, (while some *Sceanes* doe last)  
Proue Fooles, and Knaues, before their *Akt* be past.

*I want* not sense, of those Mens miseries;  
Who lul'd asleepe in their prosperities.  
Must shortly fall; and with a heavy eye  
Behold their pompe, and pleasures vanish by:  
And how that *Mistresse*, they so doted on  
(Their proud *Vaine-glory*) will with scorne be gon.  
I feele me thinkes with what a drooping heart,  
They, and their ydle hopes, begin to part :  
And with what mighty burthens of vnrest  
Their poore distemperd soules, will be oppress.  
How much they will repent I doe foresee;  
How much confused, and asham'd they'le be,  
And as I praise their doome; eu'n so I pray,  
Their shame, and sorrow, worke their comfort may.

*I want*



## WITHER'S MOTTO.

*I want not* much experiment, to show  
That all is good God pleaseth to bestow;  
(What shape soeuer he doth maske it in)  
For all my former cares, my ioyes haue bin :  
And I haue trust, that all my woes to come,  
Will bring my Soule, Eternall comforts home.

I doe not feare, within me, other feares;  
Then what to men, of all degrees appears.  
I haue a conscience that is cleane within :  
For, (though I guilty am of many a sinne)  
A kinde Redeemer, I haue found, and he  
His Righteousnes imputeth vnto me.

The Greatest, haue no Greatnes, more then I,  
In bearing out a Want, or Misery.  
I can aswell, to passion set a bound:  
I brooke aswell the smarting of a wound.  
Aswell endure I, to be hunger-bit ;  
Aswell can wrestle, with an Ague-fit.  
My eyes can wake as long as their I'me sure ;  
And as much cold, or heat I can endure.  
Yea, let my dearest friends excused be.  
From heaping scorne or iniuries on me ;  
(Come all the world) and I my heart can make,  
To brooke as much, before it shrinke, or breake  
As theirs, that doe the noblest Titles were;  
And slight as much their frown that might'st are,  
For, if in me at any time appeare,  
A bashfulnesse (which some mistrile, feare)  
It is in doubt, least I through folly may  
Some things vnfitting me; or doe, or say:

But

## WITHERS MOTTO.

But not that I am fearefull to be shent ;  
For dread of Men, or feare of punishment.

And yet, *no faults I want ; nor want* in me,  
Affections which in other men there be.

Asmuch I hate an inciuilitie ;

Asmuch am taken with a Courtesie ;

Asmuch abhor I, brutish Vanities ;

Asmuch allow I, Christian Liberties ;

Assoone an iniurie, I can perceiue ;

And with as free a heart, I can forgiue.

My hand, in Anger, I as well can stay ;

And I dare strike as stout a man as they ;

And when I know, that I amisse haue done ;

I am as much asham'd as any one.

If my afflictions, more then others be :

I haue more comforts, to keepe heart in me.

I haue a *Faith* will carry me on high :

Vntill it lift me to *Eternity*.

I haue a *Hope*, that neither want, nor spight,

Nor grim Aduersity, shall stop this flight :

But that vndaunted, I my course shall hold,

Though twenty thousand Deuils crosse me should.

Yet (I confesse) in this my Pilgrimage,

I like some Infant am, of tender age.

For, as the Childe, who from his Father hath

Strai'd in some Groue, through many a crooked path :

Is sometime hopefull that he findes the way ;

And sometime doubtfull, he runs more astray.

Sometime, with faire, and easie paths, doth meet ;

Sometime with rougher tracts, that stay his feet

Here

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Here runs, there goes, and yonn amazed staies ;  
Now cries, and straight forgets his care, and playes.  
Then hearing where his louing Father calls,  
Makes hast ; but through a zeale il-guided, falls ;  
Or runnes some other way : Vntill that He,  
(Whose loue is more, then his endeavors be)  
To seeke this *Wanderer* foorth, himselfe doth come,  
And take him, in his armes, and beare him home.

So, in this Life, this Groûe of ignorance ;  
As to my homeward, I my selfe aduance ;  
Sometime aright, and sometime wrong I goe ;  
Sometime, my pace is speedy, sometime slow ;  
Sometime I stagger, and sometime I fall :  
Sometime I sing, sometime for helpe I call.  
One while, my wayes are pleasant vnto me ;  
Another while, as full of cares they be :  
Now, I haue Courage, and doe nothing feare,  
Anon, my Spirits halfe deic&ed are.  
I doubt, and hope, and doubt, and hope againe ;  
And many a change of Passions I sustaine,  
In this my Iourney : So, that now and then,  
I lost may seeme(perhaps) to other men.  
Yea, to my selfe awhile, when sinnes impure,  
Doe my *Redeemers* loue, from me obscure.  
But (whatsoe're betide) I know full well,  
My Father (who aboue the Cloudes doth dwell)  
An eye vpon his wandring Child doth cast ;  
And He, will fetch me, to my home at last.  
For, of Gods loue, a Witnesse want not I ;  
And whom He loues, He loues eternally.

I haue

## WITHER'S MOTTO.

I haue within my breast, a little Heart,  
Which seemes to be composed, of a part,  
Of all my Friends : For, (truely) whensoe're  
They suffer any thing, I feele it there.  
And they no sooner a Complaint doe make,  
But presently, it falls to pant, and ake.

I haue a Loue, that is as strong as Fate,  
And such, as cannot be empayrd by Hate.  
And (whatsoeuer the successe may proue)  
I want not yet, the comforts of my Loue.

These, are the *Jewels* that doe make me rich ;  
These, while I doe possesse, *I want not* much :  
And I so happy am, that still I beare,  
These Riches with me : and so safe they are,  
That Pyrats, Robbers, no deuise of man,  
Or Tyrants powre, depriue me of them can.  
And were I naked, forced to exile ;  
More Treasure, I should carry from this *Ile* ;  
Then should be sold ; though for it I might gaine,  
The wealth of all *America* and *Spaine*.  
For, this makes sweete my life ; and when I die,  
Will bring the sleepe of Death on quietly  
Yea, such as greatest pompe, in life time haue ;  
Shall find no warmer lodging, in their Graue.

Besides ; *I want not* many things they need,  
Who Me in outward Fortunes doe exceed.  
*I want no* Guard, or Coate of Musket prooffe ;  
My Innocence, is guardiant strong enough.  
*I want no* Title ; for to be the Sonne,  
Of the *Almighty* ; is a glorious one :

*I want*

WITHERS MOTTO.

*I want no Followers ; for, through Faith I see  
A troupe of Angels, still attending me.*

Through want of friendship *neede I not* repine,  
For God, and Goodmen, are still friends of mine.  
And when I iourney to the *North*, the *East*,  
The pleasant *South*, or to the fertile *West*;  
*I cannot want*, for proffer'd Courtesies,  
As farre as our *Great-Britaines* Empire lies.  
In euery *Shire*, and Corner of the Land,  
To welcome me, doe Houses open stand,  
Of best esteeme : And Strangers to my face,  
Haue thought me worth the Feasting, and more grace  
Then I will boast of : lest you may suspect,  
That I those glories (which I scorne) affect.  
Of my acquaintance were a thousand glad,  
And sought it, though nor wealth, nor place I had,  
For their aduantage. And, if some more high,  
(Who on the multitudes of friends relye)  
Had but a Fortane equall vnto me,  
Their troupe of followers would as slender be:  
And those mong whom, they now esteeme haue won,  
Would scarcely thinke them, worth the looking on.

*I want no Office ; for (though none be voyde)*  
A Christian findes, he may be still employ'd.  
*I want no Pleasures, for I Pleasures make,*  
What euer God is pleas'd, I vndertake.  
Companions *want I not*, For know, that I,  
Am one, of that renown'd *Societie* :  
Which by the *Name* we carry, first was knowne,  
At *Antioch*, so many yeares agoe.

And



WITHER'S MOTTO.

And greatest Kings, themselves haue happy thought  
That to this noble Order they were brought.

*I want not Armes, to fit me for the Field ;*  
My *Prayers*, are my Sword ; my *Faith*, my Shield:  
By which, (how ere you prize them) I haue got,  
Vnwounded, thorow twenty thousand Shot.  
And with these Armes, I Heauen thinke to skale,  
Though Hell the Ditch were, and more high the Wall.

A thousand other Priuiledges more,  
I doe possesse ; in which the world is poore.  
Yea I so long could reckon, you would grant,  
That though I nothing haue ; *I nothing want.*

And did the King, but know how rich I were ;  
I durst to pawne my Fortunes, he would sweare,  
That were he not the King ; I had beene *Hee*,  
Whom he (of all men) would haue wisht to be.

*Nec Curo.*

Then, to vouchsafe me yet more fauour here ;  
He that supplies my *Want*, hath tooke my *Care*:  
And when to barre me ought, he sees it fit,  
He doth infuse a Minde to sleight at it.

Why, if He all things needfull doth bestow,  
Should I for what I haue not, carefull grow ?  
Low place I keepe ; yet to a *Greatnesse* borne,  
Which doth the Worlds affected *Greatnesse* scorne:  
*I doe disdain* her glories and contemne,  
Those muddy spirits that delight in them.

*I care*

# WITHERS MOTTO.

*I care for no mans Countenance, or grace,  
Valesse he be as good, as great in place.*

*For no mans spight, or enuy doe I care;  
For none haue spight at me, that honest are.*

*I care not for that baser wealth, in which  
Vice may become, aswell as Vertue rich.*

*I care not for their friendship who haue spent,  
Loues best expressions, in meere Complement :  
Nor for those Fauors (though a Queenes they were)  
In which I thought another had a share.*

*I care not for their Prayse, who doe not show,  
That in their liues, which they in words allow.*

*A rush I care not who condemneth me;  
That sees not what, my Soules intentions be.*

*I care not though to all men knowne it were,  
Both whom I loue, or hate ; For none I feare.*

*I care not though some Courtyers still preferre,  
The Parasite, and smoothe tongu'd Flatterer,  
Before my bold, truth-speaking Lines ; And here,  
If these should anger them, I doe not care.*

*I care not For that goodly Precious Stone ;  
Which Chymists haue so fondly doted on.*

*Nor would I giue a rotten Chip, that I  
Were of the Rosy-Crosse, Fraternity :*

*For, I the world too well haue vnderstood,  
As to be gulld with such a Brother-hood.*

*I care for no more knowledge, then to know ;  
What I to God, and to my Neighbour owe.*

*For outward Beauties I doe nothing care,  
So I within, may faire to God appeare :*

## WITHER'S MOTTO.

No other liberty I care to winne,  
But to be wholly free-ed from my sinne.  
Nor more Abilitie (whilst I haue breath)  
Then strength to beare my Crosses to my death.  
Nor can the Earth affoord a happinesse  
That shall be greater then this *Carelesnesse*.

For such a *Life* I soone should *Careles* grow,  
In which I had not leasure more to know.  
Nor care I, in a knowledge paines to take,  
Which doth not those, who get it, wiser make:  
Nor for that *Wisedome*, doe I greatly care;  
Which would not make me somewhat honestier.  
Nor for that morall *Honestie*, that shall  
Refuse to ioyne Religion, therewithall.  
Nor for that zealous seeming *Piety*,  
Which wanteth loue and morrall *Honesty*.  
Nor for their *Loues*, whose base affections be,  
More for their lust, then for ought good in me.  
Nor, for ought good within me should I care,  
But that, they sprincklings of Gods goodnesse are.

For many Bookes I care not; and my store  
Might now suffice me, though I had no more,  
Then Gods two *Testaments*, and therewithall  
That mighty *Volume*, which the *World* we call.  
For, these well lookt on, well in minde preserv'd;  
The present Ages passages observ'd:  
My priuate Actions, seriously oreview'd.  
My thoughts recald, and what of them ensu'd:  
Are Bookes, which better farre, instruct me can,  
Then all the other Paper-workes of Man;

WITHERS MOTTO.

And some of These, I may be reading to,  
Where e're I come, or whatsoe're I do.

*I care not* though a sight of Idle Gulls,  
(With lawish tongues and euer-empty skulls)  
Doe let my better-temperd Labours lye;  
And since, I Termely make not *Pamphlets* flye,  
Say I am Idle, and doe nothing now.  
As if that I were bound, to let Them know,  
What I were doing; Or to cast away  
My breath, and Studies, on such fooles as They.  
I much disdain it: For, these Blockes be Those,  
That vse to read my *Verse* like ragged *Prose*;  
And such as (so their Bookes be new,) ne're care  
Of what esteeme, nor of what vse they are.

*I care not*, though a vaine and spungy crew,  
Of shallow *Critiques*, in each *Tauerne* spew  
Their drunken censures on my Poësie;  
Vntill among their Cupps, they sprawling lye.  
These poore, betattered *Rimers*, (now and then)  
With *Wine* and *Impudence* inspired can  
Some fustian language vtter, which doth seeme  
(Among their base admirers) worth esteeme.  
But those base Iuie-Poets neuer knew;  
Which way, a sprightly, honest *Rapeure* flew:  
Nor can they relish, any straine of wit,  
But, what was in some drunken fury, writ.

Those needy *Poetafters*; to preferr  
Their nasty stufte, to some dull *Stationer*;  
With *Impudence* extoll it: and will tell him,  
The very Title of their booke, shall sell him,

## WITHERS MOTTO.

As many thousands of them (wholly told)  
 As euer of my *Satyrs*, haue beene sold;  
 Yet, e're a tweluemoneth by the walls it lies;  
 Or to the Kitchen, or the Pastry hies.  
 Sometime, that these mens Rymes may heeded be,  
 They giue (forsooth) a secret Ierke at me,  
 But so obscurely, that no man may know,  
 Who there was meant, vntill they tell them so.  
 For fearing me, They dare not to be plaine;  
 And yet my vengeance they suspect in vaine:  
 For I can keepe my way, and carelesse be;  
 Though twenty snarling *Curres* doe barke at me.  
 And while my Fame, those fooles doe murmur at;  
 (And vex themselues) with laughing, I am fat.

I am not much inquisitiue to know,  
 For what braue Action our last Fleet did go:  
 What men abroad performe, or what at home;  
 Who shall be *Emperour*, or *Pope* of *Rome*;  
 What newes from *France*, or *Spain*, or *Turkey* are;  
 Whether of Merchandize, of Peace or Warre.  
 Whether *Mogul* the *Sophy*, *Prester-Iohn*,  
 The Duke of *China*, or the Ile *Japan*,  
 The mightier be; for, things inpertinent  
 To my particular, or my Content  
 I little heede, (though much thereof I know)  
 Nor care I whether it be true or no.  
 Not for because, I carelesse am become,  
 Of the neglected State of Christendome.  
 But, cause; I am assur'd) what euer shall  
 Vnto the Church, or *Common-wealth* befall;



WITHERS' MOTTO.

(Through *Sathans* spight, or humane Trechery,  
Or, our relying on weake *Polecy*)  
Gods promise to his glory shall preuaile :  
Yea, when the fond attempts of men doe fayle,  
And they lye smoaking, in th'infernall Pit ;  
Then *Truth* and *Vertue*, shall in Glory sit.  
Those, who in loue to things that wicked are;  
And those, who thorough Cowardize and feare,  
Became the damned Instruments, whereby  
To set vp *Vice* and *falsehood's* Tyranny ;  
Eu'n those shall perish, by their owne offence :  
And they who loued *Truth*, and *Innocence* ;  
Out of oppression shall aduance their head :  
And on the ruines of those *Tyrants* tread,  
Oh ! let that *Truth*, and *Innocence*, in me  
For euer vndefil'd preserved be :  
And let me liue no more : if then *I care*,  
How many miseries I liue to beare.  
For, well I know, I should not weigh how great,  
The perils are, that my destruction threat.  
Nor chaynes, nor dungeons should my soule affright  
Nor grimmest Apparitions of the Night :  
Though men from Hell could of the Deuill borrow,  
Those vgly prospects, to augment my sorrow.  
But proue me guilty ; and my Conscience than  
Inflicts more smart, then bloody Tortures can.  
And none (I thinke) of me could viler deeme ;  
Then I my selfe, vnto my selfe should seeme.  
If good, and honest my endeaours be,  
What day they were begun ne're troubles me.

*I care*

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I care not whether it be calme, or blow,  
Or raine, or shine, or freeze, or haile or snow :  
Nor whether it be *Autumne*, or the *Spring* ;  
Or whether, first I heare the Cuckow sing,  
Or first the Nightingale : nor doe I care  
Whether my dreames, of *Flowers*, or *Weddings* are.  
What Beast doth crosse me, care I not at all ;  
Nor how the Goblet, or the Salt doth fall ;  
Nor what aspect the *Planets* please to shew ;  
Nor how the Diall, or the Clocke doth goe.

I doe not care to be inquisitiue,  
How many weekes, or months, I haue to liue.  
For, how is't like, that I should better grow,  
When I my Time shall tweluemonth longer know ;  
If I dare act, a Villany, and yet,  
Know I may die, whilst I am doing it ?

Let them, whose braines are sicke of that disease,  
Be slaues vnto an *Ephemerides*.

Search *Constellations*, and themselues apply ;  
To find the Fate of their *Nativity*.

Ple seeke within me; and if there I find,  
Those *Stars*, that should giue light vnto my mind,  
Rise faire and timely in me, and affect,  
Each other with a naturall aspect.

If in coniunction, there perceiue I may  
True *Vertue*, and *Religion* euery day :

And walke according to that influence,  
Which is deriued vnto me from thence :

I feare no Fortunes, whatsoe're they be,  
Nor care I, what my *Stars* doe threaten me.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

For He, who to that State can once attaine ;  
Aboue the power of all the Starres d'sth raigne,  
And he, that gaines a knowledge wherewithall,  
He is prepar'd for whatsoe're may fall :  
In my Conceit, is farre a happier man ;  
Then such, as but foretell mis-fortunes can.

I start not at a *Friers* prophecy,  
Or those with which we *Merlin* doe belye.  
Nor am I frighted, with the sad relation,  
Of any neare-approaching Alteration.  
For things haue euer changd, and euer shall ;  
Vntill there be a change run ouer All.  
And he that beares an honest heart about him ;  
Needes neuer feare, what changes be without him.

The *Easterne* Kingdomes, had their times to flourish  
The *Grecian* Empire rising, saw them perish ;  
That fell, and then the *Roman* Pride began ;  
Now scourged by the race of *Ottoman*,  
And if the course of things around must run ;  
Till they haue ending, where they first begun,  
What is't to me ? who peradventure must,  
Ere that befall ; lye, moulther'd into dust.

What if *America's* large Tract of ground,  
And all those Isles adioyning, lately found ?  
(Which we more truly may a *Desert* call,  
Then any of the worlds more ciuill Pale.)  
What then ? if there the *Wildernesse* doe lye,  
To which the *Woman*, and her *Sonne* must flye,  
To scape the *Dragons* fury ; and there bide,  
Till *Europes* thanklesse *Nations* (full of pride,

And

## WITHERS'S MOTTO.

And all abomination) scourged are,  
With Barbarisme as their neighbours were?

If thus God please to doe; and make our sinne  
The cause of bringing other *Peoples* in,  
His *Church* to be (as once he pleased was,  
The *Gentiles* calling should be brought to passe,  
The better, by the *lewish* vnbeliefe,)  
Why, should his pleasure be my care, or grieve?  
Oh! let his *Name* and *Church* more glorious grow;  
Although my ruine helpe to make it so.  
So I, my duty in my place haue done,  
*I care not* greatly, what succeed thereon:  
For sure I am, if I can pleased be,  
With what God wills; all shall be well for me.

*I hate*, to haue a thought o're-serious spent,  
In things meere triuiall, or indifferent.  
When I am hungry, so I get a dish,  
*I care not*, whether it be flesh or fish;  
Or any thing, so wholesome foode it be:  
*Nor care I*, whether you doe carue to me,  
The head, the tayle, the wing, the legge, or none;  
For, all I like, and all can let alone.  
*I care not*, at your Table where I sit;  
Nor should I thinke I were disgrac't in it,  
(So much as you) if I should thence in skoffe,  
To feed among your *Groomes* be turned off.  
For I am sure that no affront can blot,  
His Reputation, that deserues it not.  
To be o're-curious, I doe not professe;  
*Nor euer Card I*, for vncleanlinesse.

WITHERS MOTTO.

For I ne're loued that Phylosophy,  
Which taught men to be rude and slouely.

*I care not* what yon weares, or You, or He,  
Nor of what fashion my next clothes shall be,  
Yet to be singuler in Antique fashions,  
I hold as vaine, as Apish imitations,  
Of each phantastique garb our Gallants weare:  
For some, as fondly proud conceited are,  
To know, that the beholder, taketh note,  
How they still keepe, their Grandfires russet Coate:  
As is the proudest Lady, when that she  
Hath all the fashions, that last extant be.

*I care for no* more Credit, then will serue,  
The honour of the *Vertuous* to preserve:  
For, if the shoves of honesty in me,  
To others Vertues, would no blemish be;  
(Nor make them deemed Hypocrites) if I  
Should falsly be accus'd of Villany:  
Sure, whether I were innocent, or no;  
I should not thinke the World, worth telling so.  
Because, to most men, nothing bad doth seeme,  
Nor nothing vertuous; but as vnto them,  
Occasion makes it good, or ill appeare.  
Yea, foulest Crimes, while they vnpunisht are:  
Or bring in profit, no disgrace are thought;  
And truest Vertues, poore, are set at naught.

*I care for no* more Pleasures then will make,  
The Way which I intend to vndertake,  
So passible; that my vnwealdy load  
Of fraileties, incident to flesh and blood



## WITHER'S MOTTO.

Discourage not my willing soule from that,  
Which she on good aduice, hath aymed at.

*I care for no more Time then will amount,*  
To doe my worke, and make vp my account.

*I care for no more Money then will pay*  
The reckoning, and the charges of the day.

And if I neede not now, I will not borrow,  
For feare of wants, that I may haue to morrow.

What Kings, and States-men meane, *I doe not care;*  
Nor will I iudge, what their intentions are:

For priuate censures, helpe not any way;  
But iniure them, in their proceedings may.

Yet, Princes (by experience) we haue seene,  
By those they loue, haue greatly wronged beene.

Their too much trust, doth often danger breed,  
And Serpents in their Royall bosoms feed.

For, all the fauours, guifts. and places, which  
Should honour them; doe but these men enrich.

With those, they further their owne priuate ends:  
Their faction strengthen, gratifie their friends:

Gain new Associates, daily to their parts,  
And from their Soueraigne, steale away the hearts,

Of such as are about them; For those be  
Their Creatures; and but rarely, thanks hath He,

Because the Grants of *Pensson*, and of *Place*;  
Are taken as Their fauors, not *His* grace.

And (which is yet a greater wickednesse)  
When these, the loyall Subiects doe oppresse,

And grinde the faces of the poore, aliuie;  
They'le doe it, by the Kings Prerogatiue,

They

WITHER'S MOTTO.

They make *Him* Patron of their Villany ;  
And when *Hee* thinks they serue Him Faithfully,  
Secure him in their Loues and all things do,  
According both to *Law* and Conscience to ;  
By Vertue of his *Name*, they perpetrate  
A world of Mischiefes : They abuse the State ;  
His truer-hearted Seruants, they displace ;  
Bring their debauched Followers, into grace ;  
His Coffers rob ; yea. (worser farre they vse *Him*)  
The true affections of his people loose Him :  
And make those hearts (which did in him belecue,  
All matchlesse Vertues) to suspect, and grieve.

Now, (by that Loyalty I owe my Prince)  
This of all Treason, is the Quintessence.  
A Treason so abhorred, that to Me,  
No Treachery could halfe so odious be.  
Not though my death they plotted ; for more deare,  
My honor, and my Friends affections are  
Then twenty Kingdomes, and ten thousand lines.  
And, whosoener, Me of that depriues :  
I finde it would, a great deale harder be,  
To moue my heart to pardon ; then if he  
Conspired had, (when I least thought the same)  
To root out my posterity, and *Name*.

Who next in *Court* shall fall, ? *doe not care* :  
For, my delights, in no mans ruines are.  
Nor meane I, to depend on any, so,  
That his disgrace shall be my ouerthrow.

*I care* as little, who shall next arise ;  
For none of my Ambition that way lyes.

Those

## WITHERS MOTTO.

Those rising *Starres*, would neuer deigne to shine,  
On any good endeavour, yet, of mine.  
Nor can I thinke there shall hereafter be,  
A man amongst them, that will fanour Me:  
For, I a *Scourge* doe carry, which doth feare them;  
And loue too much *Plaine-dealing*, to be neare them.

If my experience teach me any thing,  
*I care not* old *Antiquities* to bring;  
But can as well belecue it to be so,  
As if 'twere writ, three thousand yeeres ago.  
And where I finde, good ground for my assents;  
I'll not be halter'd to a *President*.

If men speake reason, tis all one to me,  
Whether their *Tenn*, *Aristotles* be;  
Or some *Barbarians*, who scarce heard of yet;  
So much as with what *Names*, the *Arts* we fit.  
Or whether, for an *Author* you infer,  
Some *Foole*, or some renown'd *Philosopher*.

In my *Religion*, I dare entertaine,  
No fancies hatched in mine owne weake braine;  
Nor priuate *Spirits*: But, am ruled by  
The *Scriptures*; and that *Church* Authority,  
Which with the auncient *Faith* doth best agree;  
But new opinions will not downe with me.  
When I would learne, I neuer greatly care,  
So *Truth* they teach me; who my teachers were.  
In points of *Faith*, I looke not on the *Man*;  
Nor *Beza*, *Caluin*, neither *Luther* can  
More things, without iust prooffe perswade me to,  
Then any honest *Parish-Clarke* can do.

The

WITHER'S MOTTO.

The auncient *Fathers*, (where consent I find)  
Doe make me, without doubting, of their mind.  
But, where in his opinion any *One*  
Of these great *Pillars*, I shall finde alone;  
(Except in questions which indifferent are,  
And such as till his Time, vnmooued were)  
I shun his Doctrine; For, this swayeth me,  
*No man alone in points of Faith can be.*

Old *Ambrose*, *Austine*, *Ierome*, *Chrysostome*,  
Or any *Father*; if his Reuerence come,  
To moue my free assent to any thing.  
Which *Reason* warrants not (vnlesse he bring,  
The sacred word of God to giue me for it)  
I prize not this opinion; but abhor it.  
Nay; I no faction gainst the *Truth* would follow,  
Although Diuine *Paul*, and Great *Apollo*,  
Did leade me; if that possible it were,  
That they should haue permitted bin to erre.  
And whilst that I am in the right, (I care not  
How wise, or learned, Them, you thinke, that are not.

*I care not*, who did heare me, if I said,  
That he who for a place of Iustice paid  
A golden Inn-come, was no honest Man,  
Nor he that sold it: for I proue it can,  
And will maintaine it, that so long as Those,  
And *Church-preferments*, we to sale expose;  
Nor *Common-wealth*, nor *Church* shall euer be,  
From hatefull Brib'ry, or damna'd Schisme, free,  
I may be blam'd, perhaps, for speaking this;  
But much I care not: for the *Truth* it is.

## WITHERS MOTTO.

And were I certaine, that to blaze the same,  
Would set those things (that are amisse) in frame.  
Shame be my end but I would vndertake it,  
Though I were sure to perish when I spake it.

*I care not for Preferments* which are sold,  
And bought (by men of common worth) for gold,  
For, he is nobler who can those contemne,  
Then most of such, as seeke esteeme in them.

*I doe not* for those ayrie Titles *care*,  
Which fooles, and knaues, as well as I may weare.  
Or that my Name (when e're it shall be writt)  
Should be obscur'd with twenty after it.  
For could I set my minde on vulgar Fame;  
I would not thinke it hard to make my Name,  
Mine owne Name, purchase me as true renown;  
As to be cald, by some old ruin'd Town.

I loue my Country, yet *I doe not care*,  
In what Dominions my abidings are:  
For, any Region on the Earth shall be,  
(On good occasion) native Soile to me.

*I care not* though there be a muddy crew,  
Whose blockishnes, (because it neuer knew  
The ground of this my Carelesnesse) will smile,  
As if they thought I rauid, all this while.

For, those the Proverb saith, *That line in Hell*  
*Can ne'r conceiue what 'tis in Heauen to dwell.*

*I care not* for those Places, whereunto  
*Bad men* doe sooner climbe then *Good men* do:  
And from whose euer-gogling station, all  
May at the pleasure of another, fall,

But



WITHERS MOTTO.

But oh ! How carelesse every way, am I,  
Of their base mindes, who living decently  
Vpon their owne Demeanes ; there scarcelesse might  
Enjoy the day. from morning vntill night,  
In sweet contentments : rendering prayle to *Him*,  
Who gaue this blessings, and this rest to them ;  
That free from Cares, and Ennies of the Court,  
They honor'd in their Neighbours good report ;  
Might twenty pleasures, that Kings know not, trie,  
And keepe a quiet *Conscience*, till they die ?

Oh God ! how madd are they, who thus may do ;  
Yet, that poore happinesse to reach vnto,  
Which is but painted ; will those Blessings shunn,  
And bribe, and woo, and sweete to be vndone ?  
How dull are they ? Who, when they home may keep  
And there, vpon their owne soft pillow sleepe,  
In deare security ; would roame about,  
Vncertaine hopes, or pleasures to finde out ?  
Yea, straine themselues a slippery place to buy,  
With hazarding, their states to beggery ?  
With giuing vp, their Liberties, their Fame ?  
With their aduenturing on perpetuall shame :  
With prostituting *Noces*, *Daughters*, *Wines*,  
By putting into leopardy their liues ?  
By selling of their *Country*, and the sale  
Of *Iustice*, of *Religion*, Soule and All ?  
Still dreaming on Content ; although they may  
Behold, by new examples, eu'ry day  
Thar those hopes faile ; and faile them not alone,  
In such vaine things as they presumed on :

But

## WITHERS MOTTO.

But bring them also (many times) those cares,  
Those sad distractions, those dispaire, and feares;  
That all their glorious gilding, cannot hide  
Those wofull ruines on their inner-side.  
But, ten to one, at length they doe depart;  
With losse, with shame, and with a broken heart.

*I care not* for this Humor, but I had,  
Far rather lye in *Bedlem*, chain'd and madd;  
Then be, with these mens frantique mood posselt:  
For there they doe lesse harme, and haue more rest.

*I care not* when there comes a *Parliament*:  
For I am no projector, who inuent  
New *Monopolies*, or such *Sutes*, as Those,  
Who, wickedly pretending goodly shewes,  
*Abuses* to reforme; engender more:  
And farre lesse tollerable, then before.  
Abusing *Prince*, and *State*, and *Common-weales*,  
Their (iust deserued) beggeries to heale:  
Or, that their ill-got profit, may aduance,  
To some Great Place, their Pride, and Ignorance.  
Nor by Extortion, nor through Bribery,  
To any Seat of Iustice, climb'd am I;  
Nor liue I so, as that I need *to care*.  
Though my proceedings, should be question'd There.  
And some there be, would giue their Coat away;  
That they, could this as confidently say.

*I care* for no such thriving Pollicy,  
As makes a foole, of Morrall Honesty.  
For, such occasions happen now, and than:  
That He prooues Wise, that proues an Honest man.

And

WITHER'S MOTTO.

And howsoere our *Proiect-mongers* deeme,  
Of such mens Fortunes, and of them esteeme;  
(How big soe're they looke; how brane soe're;  
Among their base Admirers they appeare:  
Though ne're so trimme, in others feathers dight;  
Though clad with Title of a Lord, or Knight;  
And by a hundred thousand croucht vnto)  
Those gaudy Vpstarts, no more prize, I doe,  
Then poorest *Kennell-rakers*; yea, they are  
Things, which I count, so little worth my care;  
That (as I loue faire *Vertue*) I protest,  
Among all honest men the begger's best,  
And most betatter'd Pesant, in mine eye,  
Is Nobler, and more full of Maiestie;  
Then all that braue bespangl'd Rabblement,  
Compod of Pride, of Shifts, and Complement.

Let great and Courtly Pers'nages delight,  
In some dull *Gestor*; or a *Parasite*;  
Or in their dry *Buffoone*, that gracefully,  
Can sing them baudy songs, and sweare, and lye;  
And let their *Mastership* (if so they please)  
Still fauour more, the flauerings of These,  
Then my free *Numbers*. For, I care no more,  
To be approued, or esteemed, for  
A witty *Make-sport*; then an *Ape* to be.  
And whosoener takes delight in me,  
For any quality that doth affect  
His *Senses* better, then his *Intellect*;  
I care not for his loue. My dogge doth so;  
He loues, as farre as sensuall loue can go.

And

## WITHER'S MOTTO.

And if how well he lou'd me, I did weigh,  
Deserues (perhaps) as much respect, as they.  
I haue a *Soule*, and must beloued be  
For that, which makes a louely *Soule* in me;  
Or else, their Lones, so little *care* I for,  
That them, and their affections I abhorr.

*I care not* though some Fellowes, whose desert  
Might raise them, to the Pilory, the Cart,  
The Stocks, the Branding-Iron, or the Whipp,  
(With such-like due Preferment) those doe skipp;  
And by their blacke endeauours purchase can,  
The Priuiledges of a Noble-man.  
And be as confident, in what they doe:  
As if by Vertue they were rais'd thereto.  
For, as true Vertue hath a confidence,  
So, Vice, and Villaines haue their impudence.  
And manly Resolution, both are thought,  
Till both are to an equall triall brought;  
But vicious Impudence, then proues a mocke:  
And vertuous Constancy, endures the Shocke.

Though such vnworthy *Groomes*, who t'other day,  
Were but their Maisters *Panders* to puruey  
The fuell of their Lust, and had no more,  
But the Reuersion of their meat, their Whore,  
And their old cloathes to bragg of. Though that these;  
(The foes to Vertue, and the Times disease)  
Haue now to couer o're their knau'ry;  
Get on the Robes, of Wealth, and Brau'ry;  
And dare behaue their Rogueships sawcily;  
In presence of our old Nobility:

WITHER'S MOTTO.

As if they had beene borne to act a part,  
In the contempt of Honour, and Desart.  
Though all this be; and though it often hath  
Discouragd many a One, in *Vertues* Path,  
I am the same, and care not: For, I know,  
Those *Butter-flies*, haue but a Time to show  
Their painted wings; that when a storme is neare,  
Our habits, which for any weather are,  
May shew more glorious, whilst they shrinking lye,  
In some old creuis, and there starue and dye.

Those Dues, which vnto *Vertue* doe belong,  
He that despiseth, offers *Vertue* wrong.  
So, he that followes *Vertue* for rewards;  
And more the Credit, then the Act regards;  
(Or such esteeme as others seeke, doth misse)  
Himselfe imagines, worthier then He is.  
If therefore I can tread the way I ought,  
*I care not* how ignoble I be thought:  
Nor for those Honors doe I care a flye,  
Which any man can giue me, or deny:  
For what I reckon worth aspiring to,  
Is got and kept, whe'r others will or no.  
And all the world can neuer raise a man  
To such braue heights, as his owne *Vertues* can.

*I care not* for that Gentry, which doth lye  
In nothing but a Coat of Heraldry.  
One *Vertue* more I rather wish I had;  
Then all the Heralds to mine *Armes* could add:  
Yea, I had rather, that by my industry  
I could acquire some one good quality.

Then



## WITHER'S MOTTO.

Then through the *Families*, that noblest be  
From fifty Kings to draw my Pedigree.

Of *Nations*, or of *Countries*, I nought care,  
To be commander; my Ambitions are,  
To haue the Rule, and Soueraignty of things  
Which doe command great Emperors and Kings.  
Those strong and mighty Passions, wherewithall  
Great Monarch's haue bin soild, and brought in thrall;  
I hope to trample on. And whilst that They  
Force but my body (If I disobey)  
I rule that Spirit; which, would they constrain,  
Beyond my will; They should attempt in vaine.  
Yea, whilst they bounded within Limites here,  
On some few Mortals onely domineerr,  
Those Titles, and that Crowne, I doe pursue;  
Which shall the Deuils to my power subdue.

*I care not* for that *Valour*, which is got  
By furious Choller, or the *Sherry-pot*.  
Nor (if my Cause be ill) to heare men say,  
I fought it out, en'n when my bowels lay  
Beneath my feete. A desperatenesse it is,  
And there is nothing worthy praise in this;  
For I haue seene (and you may see it to)  
That any Mastiue-dogg as much will do.  
He valiant is, who knowes the disesteeme,  
The vulger haue of such as Cowards seeme.  
And yet dares seeme one. rather then bestow  
Against an honest cause, or word, or blow:  
Though, else he fear'd no more, to fight, or die;  
Then you to strike a dogg, or kill a flie.

WITHERS MOTTO.

Yea, him I honour, who new wakt from sleeping,  
Finds all his Spirits so their temper keeping;  
As that he would not start, though by him there,  
Grim Death, and Hell, and all the Diuels were.

*I care not* for a Coward, for to me,  
No Beasts on Earth, more trucly hatefull be;  
Since all the Villanies that can be thought  
Throughout the World, and altogether brought  
To make one Villane; can make nothing more,  
Then he that is a Coward, was before.

And he that is so, can be nothing lesse  
Then the perfection of all wickednesse.

In him no manly virtues dwelling are;  
Nor any shewes thereof, except, for feare.

In no braue resolution is he strong,  
Nor dares he bide in any goodnesse long.  
For, if one threatning from his foe there come,  
His vowed Resolution starts he from.

And cares not what destruction others haue,  
So he may gaine but hope, himselfe to saue.

The man that hath a fearefull heart, is sure  
Of that disease that neuer findes a cure.

For take and arme him through in euery place,  
Build round about him twenty wals of Brasse:  
Girt him with Trenches, whose deepe bottoms lye  
Twice lower, then threetimes the *Alpes* are hye.

Provide (those Trenches, and those walls to ward)  
A Million of old Souldiers for his gard;  
All honest men and sworne: His Feauer will  
Breake in (despight of all) and shake him still.

## WITHERS MOTTO.

To scape this feare ; his Guard he would betray,  
Make cruelly his dearest friend away ;  
Act, any base, or any wicked thing,  
Be Traytor to his Country, or his King ;  
For-sweare his God, and in some fright goe nigh  
To Hang himselfe, to scape the feare to die.  
And for these reasons, *I shall neuer Care,*  
To reckon them for friends, that Cowards are.

*I care not* for large Fortunes ; For I find,  
Great wants, best trie the Greatnesse of the minde.  
And though I must confesse, such Times there be  
In which the common wish, hath place in me.  
Yet, when I search my heart, and what content  
My God vouchsafe me hath ; I count my Rent  
To be aboue, a thousand pound a yeare,  
More then it can vnto the World appeare.  
And with more welth, I lesse content might finde,  
If I with Riches, had some rich-mans minde.  
A dainty Pallate would consume in cheere,  
(More then I doe) a hundred pounds a yeare,  
And leaue me worse suffised then I am.  
Had I an inclination, much to game ;  
A thousand Markes, would annually away,  
And yet I want my full content at Play.  
If I in Hawkes or Doggs had much delight ;  
Twelue hundred Crownes it yearly wast me might,  
And yet, not halfe that pleasure bring me to,  
Which, from one *Line* of This, receiue I do.  
If I to braue Apparell were inclin'd ;  
Five *Students* Pensions, I should yearly spend,

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Yet not be pleas'd so well, with what I weare  
As now I am; Nor take so little Care.  
I much for Physicke might be fore't to giue;  
And yet a thousand fold lesse healthy liue.  
To keepe my Right, the Law my goods might wast;  
And with vexation, tire me out at last.

These, and (no doubt) with these, full many a thing  
To make me lesse Content, more wealth might bring,  
Yet more employ me to; for, fewe I see  
Who Owners of the greatest Fortunes be:  
But they haue still, as they more Riches gaine,  
More State, more lusts, and troubles to maintaine  
With their Reuenues. That the whole Account,  
Of their great seeming Blisse, doth scarce amount,  
To halfe of my content. And can I lesse  
Esteem this rare-acquired happinēsse,  
Then I, a thousand pounds in rent would prize?  
Since with lesse trouble, it doth more suffice?  
No; for, as when the March is swift and long,  
And men haue foes to meete, both fierce and strong;  
That Souldier in the Conflict best doth fare  
Who getteth Armes of prooffe, that lightest are:  
So, I, who with a little, doe enioy  
As much my Pleasure, and Content, as they  
Whom farre more wealth and businesse doth molest;  
Account my Fortune, and estate the best.  
Gods fauour in it, I extoll the more:  
And great possessions much lesse care I for,  
I care not so I still my selfe may be,  
What others are, or who takes place of me.

*I care*

WITHERS MOT TO.

*I care not* for the Times vnjust neglect;  
Nor feare their frownes, nor praise their vaine respect.  
For, to my selfe, my worth doth neuer seeme;  
Or more, or lesse, for other mens esteeme.

The *Turke*, the *Deuill*, *Antichrist*. and all  
The Rable of that Body-mystricall,  
*I care not* for; And I should sorry be,  
If I should giue them cause to care for me.

What Christians ought not to be carefull for,  
What the *Eternall Essence* doth abhorr,  
I hate as I am able; And for ought  
Which God approoues not; when I spend a thought,  
I truly wish that from my eyes might raine,  
A shower of Teares, to buy it backe againe.

*I care not* for their Kin, who blush to see,  
Those of their blood, who are in meane degree.  
For, that bewrayes vnworthines; and shewes,  
How they by Chance, and not by Vertue rose.  
To say, *My Lord my Cousen*, can to me  
(In my opinion) no such honour be;  
(If he from Vertues precepts goe astray,)  
As when *my honest Kinsman*, I can say.  
And they are Fooles, who, when they raised are;  
Faine their beginnings nobler then they were.  
Yea they doe rob themselues of truest Fame,  
With some false honour to belye their Name.  
For, such as to the highest Titles rise,  
From poore beginnings, haue more tongues and eyes,  
To honour and obserue them (farre) then all  
That doe succeed them, euer boast of shall,



WITHER'S MOTTO.

For being nothing more then they were borne,  
Men heede them not, vnlesse they merit scorne  
For some vnworthinesse. And then, perchance,  
As their Forefathers meannesse did aduance  
His praise the higher ; so, their greatnesse shall,  
Make greater both their Infamy, and Fall,

It is mens glory therefore, not a blot,  
When they the start, of all their Names haue got ;  
And it was worthlesse Enuy, first begun,  
That false opinion, which so farre hath run.  
Which well they know whose Vertues honor winn,  
And shame not to confesse, their poorest Kinn,  
For, whensoever they doe looke on *Those*,  
To God they praises giue and thus suppose :  
Loe ; when the hand of Heauen aduanced *Vs*,  
Aboue our brethren, to be lifted thus ;  
He let them stay behind, for markes to show,  
From whence we came, and whither we must goe.

To haue the Minde of those, *I doe not care*,  
Who both so shamelesse, and so foolish are ;  
That to acquire some poore esteeme, where they  
Were neuer heard of, vntill yesterday,  
(And neuer shall perhaps, be thought on more)  
Can Prodiggally, there consume their store :  
And stand vpon their points, of honor so ;  
As if their Credit, had an ouerthrow,  
Without Redemption ; if in ought they misse ;  
Wherein th'accomplisht *Gallant* punctuall is.  
Yet basely, eu'ry Qualitie despise ;  
In which true Wisedome, and true honor lies.

WITHERS MOTTO.

If you, and one of those, should dine to day,  
Twere three to one, but He for all would pay :  
If but your Seruant light him to the doore,  
He will reward him ; If but he, and's whore,  
Carocht a furlong are ; the Coachman may,  
For sennight after let his Horses play.  
And yet, this fellow, whom abroad you shall  
Perceiue so noble, and so liberall,  
(To gaine a dayes, perhaps, but one houres fame)  
Mong those that hardly, will enquire his Name.  
At home (where euery good, and euery ill,  
Remaines to honour, or to shame him still)  
Neglects Humanity. Yea where he liues,  
And needs most loue ; all cause of hatred giues.  
To poll, to racke, to ruine, and oppresse,  
The poore, the Widdow, and the fatherlesse.  
To shift, to lye, to couzen, and delay,  
The Lab'rer and the Creditor of pay,  
Are there his practises. And yet this Assc,  
Would for a man of worth, and honour passe.  
The diuell he shall assoone : and, I will write,  
The Story of his being Conuertite.

*I care not for the Worlds vaine blast of Fame,*  
Nor doe I greatly feare the Trump of shame :  
For, whatsoeuer good, or ill is done,  
The rumor of it in a weeke is gone.  
One thing puts out another ; And men sorrow,  
To day, perhaps, for what they ioy to morrow.  
And it is likely, that e're night they may,  
Condemne the Man, they praysed yesterday,

Hang

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Hang him next morning, and be sorry then;  
Because he cannot be aliue agen.

But, grant the fame of things had larger date:  
Alas! what glory is it, if men prate  
In some three Parishes of that we doe,  
When three great Kingdomes are but Mole-hills to,  
The Earthe's Circumference? and scarce one man  
Of twenty Millions know our actions can?  
Beleeue me; it is worth so little thought,  
(If the offence to others were not ought)  
What mens opinions, or their speeches be;  
That were there not, a better cause in me,  
(Which mou'd to Vertue) *I would neuer care,*  
Whether my Actions good or euill were.

Though still vnheede'd, of the World, I spend:  
My Time, and Studies, to the noblest end;  
One hayre, *I care not*. For, I find reward,  
Beyond the Worlds requitall or regard.  
And since all men, some things erroneous doe;  
And must in Iustice, somewhat suffer to:  
In part of my correction, This, I take;  
And that I fauour'd am, account doe make.

*I care not*, though, there eu'ry houre, should be  
Some outward discontent to busie me.  
And, as I would not too much Triall haue;  
So, too much, carnall peace I doe not craue.  
The one, might giue my Faith a dangerous blow;  
The other would peruert my life, I know.  
For, few loue Vertue in Aduersity;  
But fewer hold it, in Prosperitie.

## WITHERS MOTTO.

Vaine *Hopes* (when I had nought but hopes alone)  
Haue made me erre : Then whither had I gone,  
(If I, the full possession had attain'd)  
When, but meere *Hopes*, my heart to folly train'd?  
Smooth wayes, would make me wanton ; And my  
Must lye, where Labour, Industry, and Force, (course  
Must worke me Passage : or, I shall not keepe,  
My *Soule* from dull *Securities*, dead sleepe.  
But, outward *Discontentments* make me flye,  
Farre higher, then the Worlds *Contents* doe lye.

*I neither* for their pompe, or glory care:  
Who by the loue of *Vice* aduanced are.  
*Faire Vertue* is the louely Nymph I serue ;  
Her *Will* I follow, Her *Commands* obserue ;  
Yea (though the purblind World perceiue not where)  
The best of all Her *Fauours* I doe weare.  
And, when great *Vices*, with faire baited hookes,  
Large promises of fauour tempting lookes,  
And twenty wiles, hath woo'd me to betray,  
That noble *Mistresse* ; I haue turn'd away:  
And flung defiance both at Them and Theirs,  
In spight of all their gaudy *Seruiters*.

In which braue daring I oppos'd haue bin,  
By mighty Tyrants; and was plunged in,  
More wants then thrice my fortune would haue borne.  
When our *Heroes* did, or feare, or scorne,  
To lend me succour, (yea, in that weake age  
When I but newly entred on the Stage,  
Of this proud world) So that, vnlesse the King  
Had nobly pleas'd, to heare the *Muses* sing,

My

WITHER'S MOTTO.

My bold *Appologie*; Till now, might I  
Haue strugling bin beneath their Tyranny.  
But all those threatning *Comets*, I haue seene  
Blaze, till their glories quite extinct haue beene.  
And I, that crusht, and lost was thought to bee;  
Liue yet, to pittie Those, that spighted Me:  
Enioying *Hopes* which so well grounded are,  
That, what may follow, I nor feare, *nor care*.  
Yet those I know there be, who doe expect,  
What length my *Hopes* shall haue, and what effect.  
With enuious eyes awayting eu'ry day  
When all my confidence shall slip away.  
And make me glad, through those base paths to flye;  
Which they haue trod, to raise their Fortunes by.

They flout to heare that I doe Conscience make,  
What Place I sue for, or what Course I take.  
They laugh to see me spend, my youthfull time  
In serious *Studies*; and to teach my *Rime*  
The *Straines* of *Vertue*; whilst I might, perchance,  
By Lines of Rybaldry, my selfe aduance  
To place of Fauour. They make skoffes, to heare  
The praise of Honesty; as if it were,  
For none but vulgar mindes. And since they liue  
In braue prosperity; they doe belieue  
It shall continue: And account of Me,  
As One scarce worthy, of their scorne to be.

All this is *Truth*; yea trust me, *care I not*;  
Nor loue I *Vertue*, ought the worse a iott.  
For, I oft said, that I should liue, to see  
My *Way*, farre safer, then their *Courses* be.

And



WITHERS' MOTTO.

And I haue scene, nor one, nor two, nor ten,  
But (in few yeares) great numbers of those men,  
From goodly brauery, to raggs decline;  
And waite vpon as poore a *Fate* as mine.

Yea those, whom but a day or two before,  
Were (in their owne vaine hopes) a great deale more  
Then any of our Auncient *Baronage* :

(And such as many Wisemen of this age  
Haue wisht to be the men) eu'n those, haue I  
Scene hurled downe to shame, and beggery,  
In one twelue houres : and grow so miserable,  
That they became, the scornefull, hatefull fable  
Of all the Kingdome. And there's none so base,  
But thought himselfe, a man in better case.

This, makes me pleased with mine owne estate,  
And fearefull to desire anothers *Fate*.  
This makes me *Carelesse* of the worlds proud scorne,  
And of those glories, whereto such are borne.  
And, if to haue me, still kept meane and poore,  
To Gods great Glory, shall ought add the more :  
Or if to haue disgraces heapt on me;  
(For others, in their way to Blisse) may be  
Of more Advantage, then to see me thrine  
In outward Fortunes, or more prized liue :  
*I care not* though I neuer see that day,  
Which with one pinns-worth more enrich me may.

Yea by the eternall *Deity* I vow ;  
Who knowes I lie not, who doth heare me, now.  
Whose dreadfull Maiesty is all I feare,  
Of whose great *Spirit*, These, the sparcklings are,

WITHERS MOTTO.

And who will make me, such proud daring, rue;  
If this my *Protestation* be vntrue.

So I may still retaine that inward Peace,  
That loue and tast, of the Eternall Blisse,  
Those matchlesse Comforts, and those brane desires,  
Those sweet Contentments, and immortall Fyres.  
Which at this instant doe inflame my brest;  
(And are too excellent to be exprest )

*I doe not care* a Rush, though I were borne,  
Vnto the greatest Pouerty, and scorne:  
That (since God first infus'd it, with his breath)  
Poore flesh and blood, did euer grone beneath.  
Excepting onely, such a load it were,  
As no *Humanity* was made to beare.

Yea, let me keepe these Thoughts: and let be hur'd,  
Vpon my backe, the spight of all the world.  
Let me haue neither drinke, nor bread to eate,  
Nor Cloathes to weare, but those for which I sweate.  
Let me become vnto my foes a flane;  
Or, causelesse here, the markes of Iustice haue:  
For some great Villany, that I nere thought;  
Let my best Actions be against me brought.  
That small repute, and that poore little Fame,  
Which I haue got; let men vnto my shame  
Hereafter turne. Let me become the fable,  
A talke of Fooles. Let me be miserable,  
In all mens eyes, and yet let no man spare,  
(Though that would make me happy,) halfe a teare.  
Nay, (which is More vn sufferable farre,  
Then all the miseries yet spoken are)

Let

## WITHER'S MOTTO.

Let that deere *Friend*, whose loue is more to me,  
Then all those drops of Crymson liquor be,  
That warme my heart, (and for whose onely good;  
I could the brunt of all this Care, haue stood)  
Let him forsake me. Let that prized Friend,  
Be cruell to; and when distrest. I send  
To seeke his Comfort, let him looke on me,  
With bitter scorne, and so hard-hearted be;  
As that (although he know me innocent,  
And how those Miseries I vnderwent,  
In loue to him) He, yet deuy me should,  
One gentle looke, though that suffice me could.  
And (truely grieu'd, to make me) bring in place,  
My well knowne Foe, to scorne me, to my face.

Let this befall me; and with this, beside,  
Let Me, be for the faulty friend belide.  
Let my Religion and my Honesty;  
Be counted till my death Hypocry sie.  
And when I dye, let till the generall *Dooome*,  
My *Name*, each houre, into question come,  
For *Sinnes* I neuer did. And it to this,  
You ought can add, which yet more grievous is,  
Let that befall me to; So that, in Me,  
Those comforts may encrease, that springing be,  
To helpe me beare it. Let that Grace descend,  
Of which I now, some portion apprehend:  
And then as I already (here-tofore)  
(Vpon my *Makers* strength, relying) swore,  
So, now I swear againe; If ought it could,  
Gods glory further, that I suffer should:

Those

WITHERS MOTTO.

Those Miseries recited ; *I nor care,*  
How soone they ceazd me, nor how long they were:  
For, He can make them pleasures, and I know ;  
As long as he inflicts them, will doe so.

Nor vnto this assurance am I come,  
By any *Apothegmes*, gathered from  
Our old, and much admir'd *Philosophers*.  
My Sayings are mine owne as well as theirs ;  
For, whatsoe're account, of them is made,  
I haue as good experience of them had.  
Yea, when I die (though now they sleighted be)  
The *Times* to come, for Them, shall honour me :  
And praise that *Mind* of mine, which now perchance  
Shall be reputed foolish Arrogance.

Oh ! that my *Lines* were able to expresse,  
The Cause, and Ground of this my *Carelesnesse*.  
That, I might shew you, what braue things they be,  
Which at this instant are a fire in me.

Fooles may deride me, and suppose, that this  
(No more) but some vaine-glorious *Humor* is,  
Or such like idle *Motion*, as may rise,  
From furious, and distemper'd *Fantacies*.  
But, let their thoughts be free ; I know the Flame  
That is within me, and from whence it came ;  
Such things haue filld me, that I feele my braine,  
Wax giddy, those high Raptures to containe.  
They raise my Spirits, which now wherling be ;  
As if they meant to take their leaue of Me.  
And could these *Straines* of Contemplation, stay  
To list me higher still, but halfe a day :

By

WITHERS MOTTO.

By that Time, they would mount to such a height,  
That all my *Cares* would have an end to Night.

But oh ! I feele, the fumes of flesh and blood,  
To clogg those Spirits in me, and like mudd,  
They sincke againe. More dimly burne my fires;  
To Her low pitch, my *Muse* againe retires :  
And as her heavenly flames extinguisht be,  
The more I find my *Cares* to burthen Me:

Yet, I belieue, I was enlightned so,  
That neuer shall my Spirit stoope so low  
To let the seruile thoughts, and dunghill cares,  
Of common Minds, entrap me in their snares.

For, still I value not, those things of nought,  
For which the greatest part, take greatest thought.  
Much for the world *I care not*, and (confesse)  
Desire I doe, my care for it, were lesse.

*I doe not care*, (for ought they me could harme)  
If with more mischiefes, this last Age did swarme;  
Yea, such poore *Ioy* I haue, or *Care* to see  
The best Contents these Times can promise Me:  
And that small *fear* of any Plague at all,  
(Or Miseries) which on this Age may fall.  
That, but for Charity, *I did not care*

If all those comming stormes which some doe feare,  
Were now descending down. For Hell can make,  
No vproare, which my peaceful thoughts may shake.  
I founded haue my Hopes, on him that hath  
A shelter for me, in the Day of wrath.  
And I haue trust, I shall (without a maze,)  
Looke vp, when all burnes round me, in a blaze.



## WITHERS MOTTO.

And if to haue these Thoughts, & this Mind known  
Shall spread Gods praise no further then mine own:  
Or, if *This* shall, no more instructiue be,  
To others; then it glory is to Me:  
Here let it perish, and be hurled by,  
Into Obliuion euerlastingly.

For, with this *Minde*, I can be pleas'd, (as much)  
Though none but I my selfe, did know it such.  
And, He that hath contentment *needs not care*;  
What other mens opinions of it, are.

*I care not*, though for many griefes to come,  
To liue a hundred yeeres, it were my *Dooms*.  
*Nor care I*, though I summond be, away;  
At *Night*, to *Morrow-morning*, or to *Day*.

*I care not* whether *This*, you read or no;  
Nor whether you beleue it, if you doe.  
*I care not*, whether any Man suppose  
All *This* from Iudgement, or from Rashnes flowes.  
Nor meane I, to take *Care* what any Man,  
Will thinke thereof: Or Comment on it can.

*I care not* who shall fondly censure it;  
Because it was not, with more *Method* writ:  
Or fram'd in imitation, of the *Straine*,  
In some deepe *Grecian* or old *Romane* vaine.  
Yea, though that all men liuing, should despise,  
These Thoughts in Me, to heede, or Patronize:  
I vow, *I care not*. And I vow, no lesse;  
*I care not* who dislikes this *Carelesnesse*.

My *Minde's* my Kingdome; and I will permit,  
No others *Will*, to haue the rule of it.

For

## WITHERS MOTTO.

For, I am free; and no mans power (I know)  
Did make me thus, nor shall vnmake me now.  
But, through a Spirit none can quench in me :  
This *Mind* I got, and this, my *Mind* shall be.

---

### To Enuy.

**N**ow looke upon Me, Enuy, if thou dare,  
Dart all thy Malice, shoot me eu'ry where:  
Try all the wayes thou canst, to make me feele,  
The cruell sharpenes of thy poysoned Steele.  
For, I am Enuy-proofe, and scorne I do ;  
The worst, thy cancred spight, can vrge thee to.  
This Word, I care not, is so strong a Charme,  
That He, who speakes it truly, feares no harme,  
Which thy accursed Rancor, harbor may ;  
Or, his peruersest Fo-tunes, on him lay.  
Goe, hatefull Fury; Hagge, goe, hide thou then,  
Thy snakie head, in thy abhorred Den.  
And since thou canst not haue thy will of Me:  
There ; Damned Fiend, thine owne Tormentresse be,  
Thy forked stings, vpon thy body turne ;  
With Hellish flames, thy scorched entrailes burne ;  
From thy leane Carcasse, thy blacke sinnewe teare,  
With thine owne Venome burst, and perish there.

Nec Habeo, nec Careo. nec Curo.

*A Postscript.*

**Q**Vire through this *Iland* hath my *Motto* rung,  
And twenty daies are past, since vp I hung  
My bold *Impreza* ; which defiance throwes,  
At all the malice of faire *Virtues* foes.

The *Good* approue it ; and so crowne the Cause  
Of this my Resolution, with applause ;

That such as spight it, dare not to appeare,  
In opposition to the *Challenger*,

Their *Malice* would enforce them ; but, it lyes  
Oppressed yet, with fearefull *Cowardize*.

For, they so arm'd haue found me, that they feare,  
I may (in spight of all their *Enuy*) beare  
The Conquest from them : and vpon the Face,  
Of their be-spotted *Fame*, stick more disgrace.

This, makes them *Storme* in priuate, *Slander*, *Raile*,  
*Threat*, *Libell*, *Ryme*, *Detraict* ; and to preuaile

Vpon my *Patience*, try their vtmost Art,  
But, I still minde my *Motto's* later-part ;

And *Care not* for it : which, more makes them chaufe ;  
And still, the more they fret, the more I laugh.

But, now their *Enuies*, haue so well conspir'd  
That they haue fram'd the *Project* they desir'd ;  
And tooke such course, that (if their word you take)  
Shall mooue my *Choller*, and my *Patience* shake.

Forsooth ; some *R Y M E R S* they haue hyrd, to  
Their *Ranker* into Balladry ; and spew  
(chewe  
Their

Their blacke Despight, which to a drunken note,  
They, in a hundred *Taverns*, haue by roate  
Already becht vnto that *Auditory*;  
Who are the fittest *Trumpets* of their Story.

When their *Inuentions* (by the powre Diuine  
Of much-inspiring *Sacke* and *Claret-wine*)  
Are ripened to the highest; then, they say  
The *Stationer* expects it eu'ry day:  
And that he may a sauing bargain make;  
(Aforehand) doth his *Customers* bespeake.

But when these *Braine-wormes* crawling foorth you  
(As pittie 'twere, such wit should smother'd lye) (spye  
They will bewray the *Sires*; and mak't appeare,  
That *Ignorance*, and *Envy* Parents were  
To that despightfull Issue: So, that He  
Who shall a Rush the lesse, esteeme of *Me*,  
For ought there Writ: eu'n (He) is one of *Them*,  
Whose *Hate*, and whose *Affection* I contemne.

The *Instruments* they get to serue the turne,  
Are those, that are vnworthy of my Scorne:  
And if contend, or answer them I should;  
It more might wrong me, then their Riming could.  
As therefore, when an Armed Souldier feesles,  
A testy *Curre*, in vaine to gnaw his Heeles;  
He mindes not Him: but spends his blowes vpon  
Those churlish Peasants, that did set him on.  
So; I, that know these *Dogges* doe but their kind;  
Well, let them barke, and snarle, and spend their wind,  
Till they grow weary. But, let them sit strong  
That vrge them to it; or I lay along

Their

Their hye *Top-gallant*; where each Groome shall see  
How worthy *Score*, and infamy they be.  
For, They who are their *Patrons*, are such Foes,  
As I may somewhat worthyly oppose:  
And Ile vnmaske them so, that you shall spie  
In them; *Detractions* true *Anatomy*.  
Yea; whereas They, haue by their Malice, thought  
To haue on Me, their spightful pleasures wrought:  
Ile from their *Censures*, an occasion take  
To shew how other men, a sport shall make  
At all *Detractions*; So, those slaues vndoe,  
Who that base practise, are enclin'd vnto.

Raile they that list. For, those men know not yet,  
What minde I haue: who thinke the man that writ  
This *Motto*; can be euer brought to feare  
Such poore fond things, as idle *Carpers* are.  
Nay rather; from those Slanders they shall raise,  
I will aduantage gather for my Praise:  
While They, that in my shame would take delight;  
Shal gnaw their flesh through vengeance, & despight  
To see how I, vnmo'd their Enuy mocke,  
And make of Them, this Ages laughing-stocke.

For, lest to haue preuailed they should seeme;  
And so grow wise men in their owne esteeme:  
(Or, by their foolish brags, dishearten such,  
Whose resolutions are not growne so much)  
When I at leasure am; for Recreation,  
Ile merry make my selfe, to their vexation.  
Yet shall my Myrth from Malice be so free,  
That though I bitter to the guilty be:



It shall appeare that I in loue doe scourge them;  
That of their foule Corruptions I may purge them.  
And that, it may be knowne how Vertue hath  
A sting to punish; though not moon'd to wrath.

But goe; and for the *Pamphlet* seeke about,  
For, yet ere night (tis thought) it will come out.  
Yet, when you finde it; Doe not looke for there  
His wit alone, whose Name you see it beare:  
(For though you nothing can collect from thence,  
But foul-mouthd *Language*, *Rime* and *Impudence*)  
Yet there expect, (since tis the common cause  
Of all *Crowe-Poets*, and *Poeticke-Dames*.

Which I haue toucht) that all the *Brotherhood*,  
Will lend their wits, to make the Quarrell good.  
For, to that purpose they are all conbind;  
Yea, to their strong *Confed'racy* are ioynd,  
That *Corporation*, by whose Patronage:  
Such *Poetry* hath flourish in this Age,  
And some beside, that dare not yet be knowne,  
Haue fauour, to this goodly Proiect showne.

But, let them ioyne their force; For I had rather  
Ten Millions should themselues against Me gather;  
(And plot and practise for my ouerthrow)  
Then be the *Conqueror* of one base Foe.

For, as mine enemies encreasing be;  
So, Resolution doth encrease in me:  
And if I must haue foes, my *Fates* shall friend me;  
If great and noble enemies they send me,

But, whether on meane Foes, or great, I light;  
My *Spirit* will be greater, then their spight.

An Epigram, written by the Author on his  
owne Picture; where, this Motto  
was inscribed.

THus, others Loues, haue set my shadow forth;  
To fill a Roome, with *Names* of greater worth:  
And *Me*, among the rest, they set to show.  
Yet, what I am, I pray mistake not; tho.

Imagine me, nor *Earle*; nor *Lord*, nor *Knight*;  
Nor any new aduanced *Favorite*.

For, you would sweare, if *This* well pictur'd me;  
That, such a One I ne'r were like to be.

No child of purblind *Fortune's* was I borne;  
For all that issue, holdeth *Me* in scorne.

Yet, *He* that made *Me*, hath assur'd *Me* to,  
*Fortune* can make no such; nor such vndo.

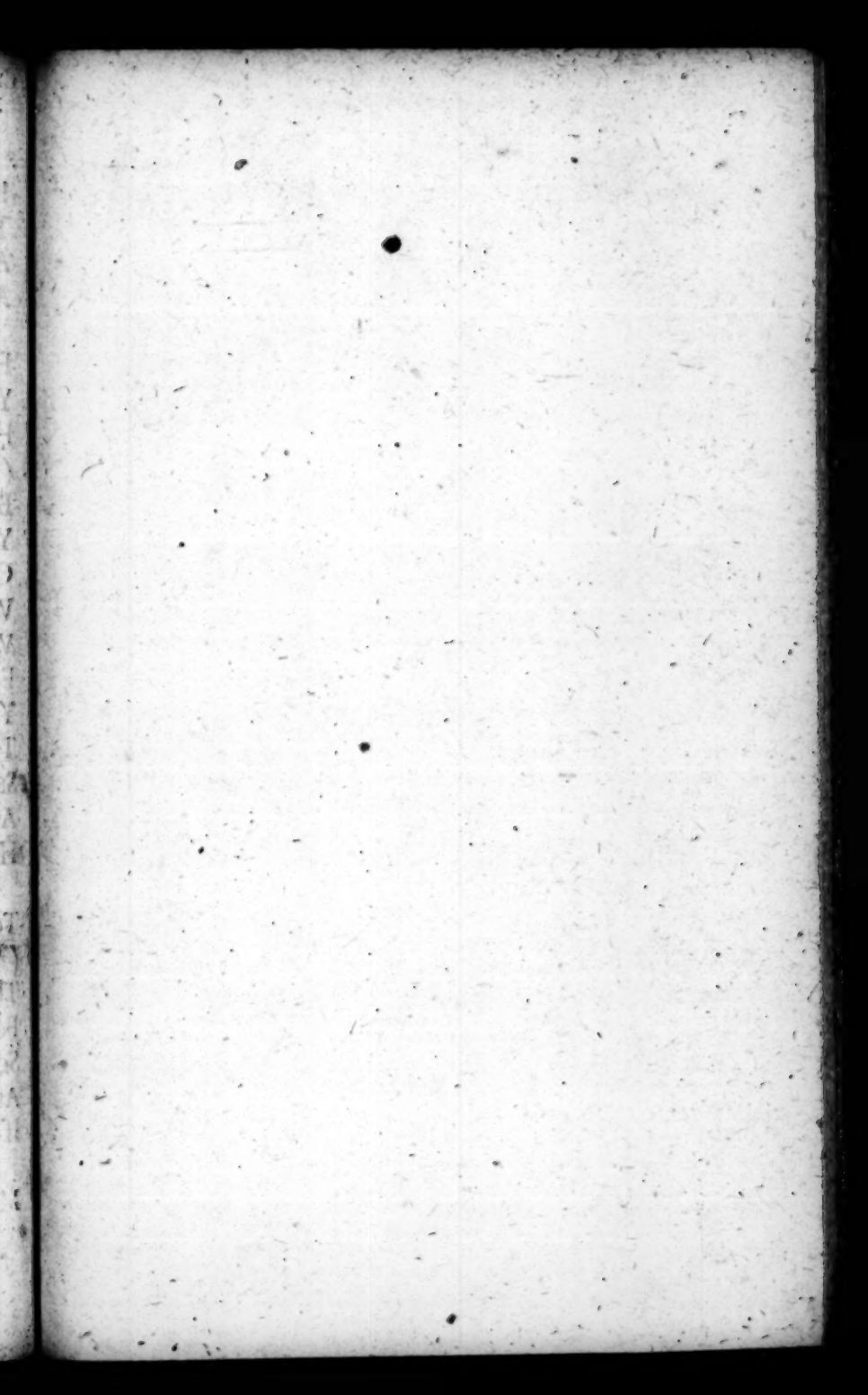
And bids me, in no Favours take delight;  
But what I shall acquire, in *Her* despight.

Which *Mind*, in Raggs, I rather wish to beare;  
Then rise through balenes, bravest Robes to weare.

Part of my *Outside*, hath the Picture shown;  
Part of my *Inside*, by these *lines* is known:

And t'is no matter of a rush to me,  
How *This*, or *That*; shall now esteemed be.

FINIS.



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2. To all of you, and to all of your people, words  
and life among the reflecting light to know.  
Very, what I am, I pray you, and so, and so.

Imagine the joy *East* and *West* Knight's  
 New day of advanced *Favorite*.

How does your company do it? We will find out.

This is the One I really want to be.

Notch of rib in lower tail bone

For all that, the South Africa

*[Faint, illegible handwritten text]*

1875

Am 11. März 1904

1945

1890

These artists hold their breaths to watch

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1951-1952

1990

